



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 29 – Number 7

November 2011

Special Features This Issue
Peter Across the Atlantic – The Social Side of Yachting
Great Lake Erie Small Craft Festival
Build Your Own Sub – Jan Gougeon Launches Strings



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29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 29 – Number 7
November 2011



US subscription price is \$32 for one year.
Canadian / overseas subscription prices are
available upon request

Address is 29 Burley St
Wenham, MA 01984-1043
Telephone is 978-774-0906

There is no machine

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

I'd like to call your attention in this issue to a sorta long article that starts on page 27. It's another of those from long ago that I find fascinating in that it tells it like it was in the words of someone there at the time, not someone today "looking back." "The Social Side of Yachting" appeared in the June 1890 issue of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, which catered to what was once referred to as the "upper crust" of society. The author waxes effusively, almost worshipfully, in a lengthy description of how the New York Yacht Club folks went about enjoying their summer sailing, cruising and racing, not so much about the sailing itself as about the surrounding social scene in which it was embedded.

I hope it catches your interest enough for you to see it through, all five pages of the era's purple prose illustrated with those wonderful engravings of the pre-photo/print era. While we do today have the "life styles of the rich and famous" paraded before us on TV and in certain glossy magazines (try *Forbes* and its big businessman lifestyle offspring *Forbes Life*), reading this will be a real eye opener of how such lives were lived when the wealthy caught on to the allure of boats, which became "yachting" soon enough for them.

As you have no doubt noticed I am somewhat enamored of the boating writing of a century or so ago. In fact, I have brought you another of such immediately after "The Social Side of Yachting." On page 32 you'll find "A Cruise on the Great Ouse," from my reliable source of long ago canoeing tales, *Paddles Past*, the Journal of the Historic Canoe & Kayak Association. Aside from its period writing and engraved illustration, this one attracted my attention for its author, a school headmaster, undertakes a cruise in one of those "Traveling Canoes," the building of which was featured in our October issue, aimed at the boys of the times on the pages of the *Boys' Own Paper*. This minimalist boating cruise took place right around the same period as the NYCC chaps were indulging in their own way of messing about but at the far end of the conspicuous consumption spectrum. And yet, our headmaster did indulge himself at times in having the "chores" sur-

rounding his cruise taken care of by handy local working folk.

I've remarked in the past that we are somewhat afflicted with a desire for the simpler ways of enjoying small boats in our choices of paddling, rowing, sailing instead of the far more popular motorboating. This is why I feel there is a place on our pages for period writings about the game we play, stories about what we are trying to emulate in our own way.

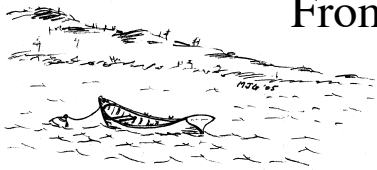
Another approach I've been increasingly adopting in filling out each 60-page issue (have you noticed how much thinner many of the commercial boating magazines have become?) is to reach back, maybe only to our own earlier issues of a quarter century ago (sounds a longer time span than 25 years) to reprint an article that is apropos of a current one. In this issue I follow up Paul Follansbee's "My First Single-Handed Cruise" in his Bolger *Red Zinger* with a reprint from a 1987 issue, "Rolling Over *Red Zinger*," when Paul's much appreciated boat was being built by my friend Dr Z.

In the October issue I did the same thing, following up on Bill Nolen's "Front Tiller on a Small Sailboat" with a reprint from the August 1, 1983 (our very first year) of "Canard...Bow Steering That Works," one of my first encounters with Phil Bolger and his ideas. I'll probably continue on doing this sort of thing when appropriate stories mesh from today and yesterday.

Should there be any significant increase in the number of contemporary stories about messing about in boats that we receive from readers each month, then the old timey stuff would be set aside enough to provide the room for our own tales of today. It does seem that every month a certain average amount of material arrives for publication, and as it is not at present sufficient to fill out our 60 pages I cast into the past for "filler." It turns out to be fun stuff for me and I do hope you find it so. But I do extend again an invitation to tell all of us what you have been doing messing about in boats. It's winter coming on so you'll have more time to indulge yourself in chronicling some of your adventures for all of us to enjoy.

On the Cover...

Long distance sea canoe paddling adventurer Reinhard Zollitsch set aside his canoe and paddle last spring to indulge in a really long distance cruise across the Atlantic from the Caribbean to Germany on the 75-year-old 60' yawl, the *Peter von Seestermuhe*. It happens that exactly 50 years ago Reinhard sailed on the very same vessel as a youth from Kiel to Scotland, Sweden and Denmark and the allure of renewing an old acquaintance caused him to dip into his funds for this adventure, thus sacrificing a "\$3,000 tooth" scheduled for this winter. Reinhard tells us all about it in this issue in "*Peter* across the Atlantic."



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman
(Stonington, Connecticut)

After breakfast, I hoist my anchor and get underway for Noank. The air is light, from the southwest, and I make but two to three knots. If I can keep her close to the wind, I can fetch the Race and take the long way home round the far end of Fishers Island. A part of me would prolong my trip; a part of me would be secure at the pier. I want to sail, but there hasn't been much wind since Florence ruffled the local waters. The breeze backs a bit in my favor, but halfway across Block Island Sound it dies.

I start my motor and head for Wicopessett Pass at the near end of Fishers Island: the conventional way home. I've no desire to motor any farther. Once in Fishers Island Sound, I find enough breeze to sail home the ultimate five miles. I drop my sails outside the breakwater, bring the Whitehall alongside, and putter into West Cove. I put my fenders over the side and keep my air horn ready. It's four o'clock on a Sunday; there is almost no one about.

I round up into my slip, shift into neutral, snag my safety line from the piling and drop it over my winch. This acts as a brake and keeps me from striking the walkway ahead. I hop down onto the finger pier, grab *MoonWind* by a stanchion, pull her to me, and cleat her bowline. I've returned.

I've been at large for just about two weeks. I've ranged no more than seventy miles from home as the cormorant speeds, though my log shows that I covered about one hundred seventy miles. I need more chain on my anchor rode and maybe a larger anchor. A bit more roding would make me feel more secure: I could anchor in deeper water.

A one pound propane bottle cooks about ten meals. My four stroke outboard uses about a half a gallon per hour. I motored nearly half my trip, about seventy-five miles, and used ten gallons of fuel. I filled over sixty pages in a large notebook with my scribbles, nearly fifteen thousand words. It will take me over three months to sort and edit them. I'll finish with twenty entries for fourteen days. I return to a dentist appointment, bills to be paid, and a pair of lonely cats.

I secure my second bowline, my stern line, a pair of spring lines, check my chafing gear. I turn off the motor, tip it out of the water. I coil my main sheet and stow it. I remove my boom cover from the locker and button it round the mainsail. I unhank my jib and stuff it down the forward hatch. I coil the jib sheets and toss them down there, too. I secure my halyards with bungee cords to the shrouds to keep them from slapping. I snap the cover onto my bulkhead compass.

I go below and bag the jib, secure the forward hatch. I begin to collect my belongings. Everything needn't be removed at once. The food and dirty laundry have priority. I unstrap the spare can of gas from the after deck and put it on the pier. I walk ashore, find a dock cart, stack it with my belongings, and wheel it to the truck.

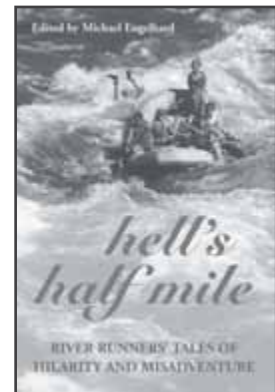
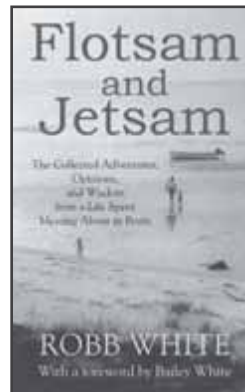
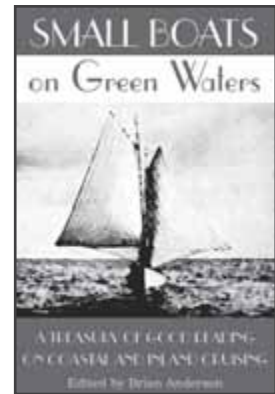
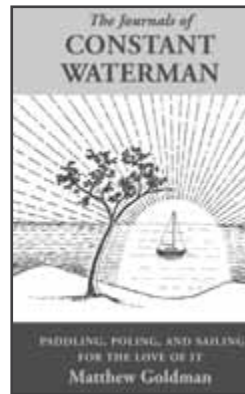
I return to *MoonWind*, replace her drop boards, close the hatch, bring the hose aboard, and hose her down, anchors and hull and deck and cabin and cockpit and motor, to remove the salt. I employ some soap and a brush on the deck and in the cockpit. I coil the hose and replace it on the pier. I take the heavy shore power cord from my locker, stream it along the deck, tie it off to the bow pulpit, and plug it in at the pier. I unscrew the waterproof cap on my deck fitting and plug in the other end, screw down the ferrule. I turn on the switch in the cabin and check the gauge on the battery charger.

Now I'm ready to go. I haven't cleaned the Whitehall. That can wait till tomorrow. I run my eyes over everything, inspecting. I slide the hatch open and reach inside to assure myself that the bilge pump switch is set to "automatic." I run my fingers down the low voltage panel to check that all the switches are off. I close the hatch and step down onto the pier.

MoonWind calmly bobs up and down in her slip. She'll be here for me whenever I feel the urge to sail again. Now I need to go home and tend to the Pusslets, take a hot shower and do my laundry, answer correspondence.

But now that I've returned, I'm in no hurry to go ashore. I shall soon resume the rut I've worn for myself these many years. Ruts in the sea are difficult to establish. Every passage varies somewhat. Every passage, one can extravaginate to some degree. Every day, one's driven by different breezes. And October looms, when the wind persists and the sailing has no equal.

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Good Time to be a Sailor



One of our neighbors took this photo of *Lady Bug*, Beau and me out on Diamond Lake from his deck. He said, "It was the strangest thing. There was no wind and this sailboat was going by. I had to go get my camera." I guess it's hard to understand if you ain't done it.

Max wind speed about 2 knots, max boat speed about 2 knots. No stinkpots. A good time to be a sailor.

Dan Rogers, Newport, WA

Whale Encounter



This photo was taken at the entrance to Katlian Bay at the end of the road in Sitka, Alaska. A whale coming up to scoop up a mouthful of herring (the small fish on the surface around the kayak) has also scooped up a local Sitka dentist. The whale's mouth is fully open with the bottom half under the kayak. The dentist was too busy getting outa there to have a close look at the state of the

whale's teeth. If the whale had closed its mouth the dentist might have been LUNCH!

Greg Burns from the Internet

Marina at Midnight

A salty sweetness weights the air,
Richer with a seaweed smell.
Halyards tap upon a spar;
A dinghy bumps against a hull.

So still at night I hear the steps
of a heron's feet as he stalks along
After the ploppity sound of fish
Feeding near the dock lights' glow.

My boat rocks gently to a wake
Sent by a long gone harbor scow.
Her fenders softly squeak in place,
A brass lamp swinging to and fro

Throws shadows on my open book:
Cruising to Find Paradise.
(Chances are I'll never look;
I've found mine here, aboard, each night.)

Annie Holmes, San Diego, CA

Information of Interest...

A Worthy Charity

I was delighted to see the article on the Royal National Lifeboat Institute in the September issue. This is one of the few charities I would support.

Although it has not happened recently, in the past, if a lifeboat was lost with all hands, commonly sons and brothers of the lost crew would sign on for a new boat.

My parents last lived in Bridlington, Yorkshire. Their lifeboat is stored in the town. When the call comes a tractor pulls it several hundred yards to the beach, then backs it into the water until it floats off.

Clive D. Dalby, MD, Methuen, MA

Information Needed...

Yuloh Info Wanted

I'm new to sailing and the new owner of a 40-year-old Columbia 22 in a cramped marina slip and passageway. The difficulty of getting in and out of the slip keeps the monthly fee low in pricey Marina del Rey, California, slips. Easing out of my slip and banging into houseboats and sailboats during two attempts made me think I'd better get, well, better at this. I have an outboard with a fixed tiller so it's not very useful and I rely on friends with paddles to fend off property damage.

Yuloh sculling to the basin areas of the marina seems like a logical and elegant solution. So far I'm restricting myself to marina sailing until my handling skills are improved for open water on Santa Monica Bay, California. And I'm kicking myself for buying the new Tohatsu 8hp outboard that I don't yet need. I'm looking for sources to design or jury rig a yuloh and formica/gondola oarlock for the stern of my sailboats named *Jury Rigger*

by a previous owner. Any information, referrals to people, links or manufacturers about yulohs would be greatly appreciated.

Barbara, (310) 567-0121; or weekdays, (213) 748-3431 Pacific Time

Projects...

My Herreshoff H-28



Here is a photo of my Herreshoff H-28 *Anatine* (originally *Nebula*). She was built in 1947 by Hodgdon Bros for Doris Laua Leonardi, the editor of *Rudder* magazine in those days. I have owned her for two years and have been working to get her into decent shape, but not a restoration. I have re-fastened her below the waterline. She was originally bronze fastened and I was able to remove all of those fastenings, although most were penciled down to 1/8".

Last year I sailed her with the original cotton sails (Larsen City Island), but now she has cream 6oz Dacron with narrow panels and hand roping.

I have also installed inboard electric propulsion (2kw-48lb) primarily for getting into and out of her slip, but also for getting home when the wind dies.

Ron Render, San Diego, CA

Sold at Full Price



Tricia Marie, the most beautiful boat I ever built, got sold in a week at full price when taken to a boat dealer who showed her on a busy road.

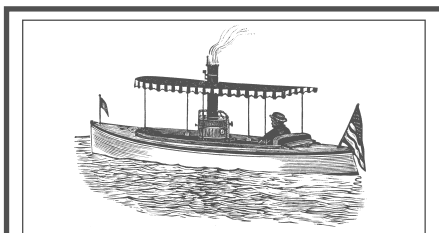
Dave Lucas, Cortez, FL

This Magazine...

Flights of Fancy

Thank you Bob and crew, I love your magazine and the flights of fancy it spurs.

Brett Hay, Portland, OR



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On September 10 I went to Pawtucket, Rhode Island, to see the dragon boats race. A friend, Richard Chu, and an in-law nephew, Brian McPherson, who belong to the Dragon Boat Club of Boston (DBCB) Water Puppies, invited me to come along. A dragon boat race is a furious event to watch! It's a sprint between 50' long boats, each with 16 or more paddlers paddling furiously to cheering from crowds on the riverbank.

What is a dragon boat? It's a long slender boat with a dragon's head and tail and 16 to 20 paddlers. Rounding out the crew are a steersman with a long oar back aft, a drummer up front and a flag catcher way up front at the dragon's head. His task is to catch and keep the flag at the finish line. The boat is penalized if he fails to do so or loses it after catching it. Dragon boat racing began in China over 2,000 years ago. Today racing is worldwide. In the US it is popular on both coasts and locally in the Charles River in Boston.

In the Pawtucket competition three boats raced at one time. For each race they were marshaled at the starting line and, at a horn blast from a committee boat, the paddlers started paddling. The course was 200 meters long and the race was over in well under two minutes. Each boat's time was measured. Between the drum sounds and the cheering it was a raucous event. As soon as one race ended, three more boats were at the starting line for the next. Each boat competed three times. There were 20 competing teams. It was a busy event, well managed.

The teams were those of clubs, businesses and schools. The Pawtucket event,

Dragon Boat Racing

By Mat Leupold



held annually for the past 12 years, was the Rhode Island Chinese Dragonboat Race and Taiwan Day Festival. The sponsor was the Taipei Economic and Cultural Office in Boston. Accompanying the racing was a cultural program under a big tent featuring performances by the world famous all



female Musou Band playing traditional Chinese instruments, beating of drums and Lion Dance and a dumpling eating contest. The dumpling eaters were mostly non-Asian, the event had something for everybody.

The six boats at the event were all alike except for colors, three were yellow and three green. They were 50' long and 5' wide with no keel rocker and little deadrise. The sides were vertical. Construction was of fiberglass. While all dragon boats are nominally the same there are variations, principally in freeboard, among different venues.

It was a colorful event and the competition was keen. My impression, however, was that it was more athletic than nautical. To me, with some experience in boat design, the boats were inelegant as watercraft and paddling is inefficient compared to rowing. However, competition only demands the best performance in whatever the game is. Although dragon boats don't achieve more than half of their waterline hull speed, the competition is between teams. Precision is the key to success, the paddle stroke has to be proper and all paddlers in sync with the drumbeat. Perfect synchronization seen in winning boats was something to see, much as watching the Rockettes in Radio City.

Much of the sport's appeal to dragon boaters is the fellowship that goes with team membership. Unlike many sports which require specific skills for team positions, dragon boat paddlers are essentially undifferentiated with respect to position in the boat. Importantly, with 16 to 20 required for a crew, almost everyone on a team gets to play.



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Sculling along in the Buffalo River Ferry.



John Montague enjoying Swiftly.



I head out for the rowing race in a "short-ened" Weekend Skiff, a prototype of skiffs in the future at the Maritime Center.

Boats on the beach.



6 – *Messing About in Boats*, November 2011

Great Lake Erie Small Craft Festival

By Greg Grundtisch

This was the first annual Great Lake Erie Small Craft Festival, sponsored by the Buffalo Maritime Center. It was held on August 26, 27 and 28 on the grounds of the Buffalo Yacht Club's Lake Ontario location, at Point Abino, about 12 miles across the lake from Buffalo. And a beautiful location it was with free camping, pool, sandy beach, showers, boat launch, to name only a few of the amenities the Yacht Club provided.

It was originally planned to be held on Buffalo's outer harbor but the location was changed because the city of Buffalo failed to provide the location and support it had promised (typical of this city). The move to Point Abino worked out very well considering all the last minute changes that had to be made. The center has the good fortune to have Roger Allen, John Montague and Chuck Meyer to work out some rather detailed and time consuming logistics. They spent countless hours organizing and setting up this very successful first time event.

Working along with them were wives, friends and a dozen or more volunteers from the BMC. They did just about everything, launching boats, securing trailers, cooking and cleaning, organizing events, taking out passengers for boat rides, among many other details. The group of who did the cooking did a fantastic job and deserves special mention. They provided plenty of food and it was excellent.

This Festival was generally patterned after the ones held in St Michaels, Maryland, and Cortez, Florida. On Friday there was the launching of many boats, setting up the beach and a potluck dinner. After dinner there was music, beverages of many kinds and sea chanties lead by the lovely and talented Naomi, accompanied by equally lovely and talented Lisa Marie Allen. Like angels singing, it was!

On Saturday morning coffee and donuts were provided and a few more launchings. Then organized (dis-organized?) races were held, one for rowing and one for sailing. Afterwards there was a lot of messing about in boats of many designs and types. In the evening an awards dinner was held with a guest speaker and beverages of many kinds were provided by the Buffalo Maritime Cen-

ter. The speaker was the Buffalo Maritime Center's own John Montague. He gave a most fascinating dissertation on the evolution of the rudder.

There were just a couple of awards given at the awards dinner for the two "official" races: first place in sail went to Lisa Marie Allen. She brilliantly and skillfully sailed a Chesapeake Light Craft cat-ketch sharpie to a possible record setting time for any Traditional Small Craft Association event.

First place in rowing/paddling went to Marcia Grundtisch. She gracefully, yet powerfully, rowed the Maritime Center's Weekend Skiff to victory on her very first time racing.



My dad and mom, Glenn and Marcia Grundtisch, casting Mom off for the rowing race.

Sunday was morning coffee and donuts, followed by a general messabout and then closing ceremonies, aka cleaning up at around 1pm.

Honorable mention should go out to Mike Weekes and his delightful girlfriend Tatiana. They represent the true spirit of the TSCA. They were fun, helpful, enthusiastic participants in this first time event. I also want to thank my father and employer, Glenn Grundtisch, for allowing me so much time off this summer to help out at the Maritime Center.

All who attended, along with the organizing staff and all who helped out, did a great job and made this first time messabout a great success. This will be an even bigger and better festival in the years to come. There are actually plans being made now for next year's festival. Happy sails!



What's in a name? *Figment?*

More boats on the beach.





Left: *Scajaquada*, an Erie boat, pleasant sailing for many at a time.

Above: Marcia Grundsich at the helm of *Scajaquada*.



Above: Cruising in the *White Electra*, John Montague strains forward to spot the rocks he was afraid I was heading off course towards. We didn't hit, I grew up here summers and knew where the rocks were not.

Right: The *White Electra* launch.



What an Opportunity

After my 1977 trans-Atlantic sail from Camden, Maine to St. Malo, France, I did not think I would ever venture across the "pond" again. Three days of 60 knot winds near Sable Island, Nova Scotia on a 45 foot coastal schooner with an inebriated skipper, constantly fighting with his wife, was no fun, to say the least. (Read my article: "*Fiddler's Green* across the Atlantic" on my website www.ZollitschCanoeAdventures.com). But then in the depths of last winter I heard that the old *Peter von Danzig*, the Kiel University, Germany 60' sailing yawl, had been bought by

Peter Across the Atlantic Antigua-Azores-Hamburg April-May 2011

By Reinhard Zollitsch

a new owner who totally refurbished her and who was now sailing her, with crew who pay for the trip, on the Baltic Sea, North Sea and

even across the Atlantic to the Caribbean and back. That sounded like the perfect medicine for a snowbound, cold Mainer suffering from a severe case of cabin and sea fever (see John Masefield's poem "Sea Fever", attached).

In 1961, exactly 50 years ago (my, does that make me sound old!), I had sailed on the *Peter* from Kiel to Scotland, the Shetlands, Norway, Sweden and Denmark - a most memorable 5-week voyage. (See my article "Sailing to the Shetlands" on my website.) And this boat, I found out on the web, was now planning to return from Antigua, one of the Leeward Islands of the Lesser Antilles in the Caribbean, to Hamburg, Germany with a brief stop-over in the Azores - 5 weeks again, total distance: about 4,000 nautical miles, same distance as my solo sea canoe trip around New England and the Maritimes during the summers of 1999-2005 (see my website www.ZollitschCanoeAdventures.com).

I could not have planned a better trip: no Newfoundland cold, fog, rain and storms, but rather, ambient warm weather, steady trade winds and a pushy Gulf Stream current to boot; and all this on a familiar, traditional 60 foot (18 meters) ocean racer. That sounded like lots of fun. The *Peter* had been built in Danzig, Germany (which is now Gdansk, Poland) in 1936. Barely finished, it participated in the race from Newport to Bermuda and from there to Germany as an opener for the 1936 Olympics in Berlin/Kiel. In 1973 it was the only German entry in the first Whitbread Around the World race. (No US, Australian or New Zealand boats were entered in that race!) It finished without any mishap - in last place, thus getting the most out of the race. In 1991 the *Peter* was sold to a young skipper from Seestermöhe, a small town at the mouth ("muthe" in the local Low German dialect) of the Seeste River, behind the dikes along the Elbe River near Hamburg. So *Peter von Danzig* became *Peter von Seestermöhe*, and has already sailed 250,000 nautical miles with its new name on its white gleaming bow and transom. (The ASV Kiel had retained the original name for another sailboat.)

Trips on classic veteran sailboats like the *Peter* are normally booked years in advance, I understand, but it so happened that one crew member dropped out just when I inquired about the possibility of joining them. Five days later I was in. I was elated. In my mind I already gathered my gear for the 5-week ocean trip: full one-piece oilskins for the rough stuff, Gore-Tex suit for a second layer water-shield or plain rainy days, sea boots, rigging knife, lots of polypropylene, polar fleece and fast drying clothing (no cotton or wool!), my satellite phone and SPOT locator beacon, VHF radio - all the things I usually take on my long sea canoe trips. I could be ready in no time.

My family was supportive, but understandably a tad reserved at first, except for my oldest son Mark, who wanted to come along badly - please, Dad! But next day, Nancy was already checking flights from Boston to Antigua and from Hamburg back home. What a dear! Only we could not figure out why one-way flights were so much more expensive than round trips (\$3,000 from Hamburg to Boston!). So we booked round trips, and I forfeited the other half of each ticket. Yes, this sailing trip was going to be different from my usual minimalistic canoe trips along the shores of New England and the Canadian Maritimes, which normally only cost me gas money for the car shuttle plus what little food I usually consume, all



The 75 year old *Peter von Seestermöhe* in trans-Atlantic sailing shape.

Our course across the Atlantic - Antigua, Azores, Hamburg



bought at the supermarket at home - no stops in marinas, campgrounds or even stores. Just top off my two 10 liter water tanks.

This time I had to dig deep into bank reserves, but then, I was not planning on doing this every year, I told myself, and had not dipped into my savings for any of my other trips - frugal dude that I am. Rebuilding a large 60-foot yawl and keeping it in top shape to cross the Atlantic is expensive, for sure. My \$3,000 new tooth, scheduled for March, I knew, had to be postponed indefinitely - I had already spent the money. Sorry, Randy (my dentist)! :-)

We were to sail with 6 crew members and skipper/owner, two watches of 3 crew, 6 hours on during the day, 4 hours at night, which comes to a 2-day full rotation. Meals were to be prepared by the crew during regular watch hours every other day. The skipper was watch-free, but did the navigation and could be called on in tight situations at any time. Everything made a lot of sense, and even the crew profiles looked interesting. They were mostly Germans, Swiss, or ex-patriates like me or former East Berliner, Uwe - a most interesting and colorful fellow - now living in Beijing, China. Even another former member of the Kiel University sailing club, the ASV (Academic Sailing Club) had signed up. This sounded like fun. I could hardly wait to get through the rest of our harsh Maine winter. April 20, 2011 could not come fast enough.



The crew and skipper (on right), minus photographer RZ.

Time flew by fast with all the things that needed to be done before leaving home for 6 weeks. A bus then took me and my large Navy duffel to Boston, from where I would fly to Miami and on to Antigua. Following the string of islands, including the active volcanic island of Montserrat, out to Antigua, was a trip in itself. Landing there at first seemed impossible. To make sure, the pilot

took an extra loop around the island. Then we were hustled through immigration, since Antigua is British, which also means that all cars were driving on the "wrong" side for us from the US and most European countries.

Our taxi driver, however, did not seem to have any problem negotiating the 9 miles of narrow, winding roads to the Antigua Yacht Club in Falmouth/English Harbor, slowing down only occasionally to avoid hitting a goat, donkey or chicken. The land was hot and dry with lots of small ramshackle houses strewn all over the countryside, and here and there a dilapidated, defunct sugar mill. Only Falmouth and English Harbor stood out as small, historical, but now mostly touristy vacation towns.

I had allowed myself an extra day to get acclimatized and take in the atmosphere of the island. I visited the Admiral Horatio Nelson museum in English Harbor, hiked out to the fort at the harbor entrance, as well as to Pidgeon Hill Beach, a white sand beach at the entrance of Falmouth Harbor, while the *Peter* was finishing its last race of the series for classic sailboats.



English Harbor, Antigua - start of trip.

Part 1: Antigua - Azores

At high noon on April 23 all new crew members materialized out of nowhere on the yacht club pier and were motored to the *Peter*, at anchor amongst a large pod of other cruising yachts. There were the usual introductions; the official language on board was German, with some English thrown in. I was assigned the upper starboard bunk as well as some closet space. Foul weather gear was to be left in a hanger/closet at the chart house stairs, but never ever on the green leather cushions of the saloon. Then there was time to familiarize oneself with the boat, the different halyards, stays, sails, sheets and winches, as well as go over safety procedures, including a full repertoire of knots. Finally it was time to jump overboard to cool off and then enjoy a cool beer.

Early the next morning (April 24, 2011) we motored over to the marina in English Harbor to top off our water and fuel tanks. A long line of boats heading back to Europe had already formed, and we did not get off much before noon. The day was glorious: sunshine, but not too humid, and a steady 10-15 knot breeze from the east north east, a typical trade wind. We made one hitch out of the harbor on starboard, then flipped over onto our port bow and stayed there for the next 2,000 miles. Yes, 2,000 miles with the easterly trade wind coming in over starboard and the port bow down! No tacking or jibing for 2,000 miles, only reefing and un-reefing the main as well as shortening foresails and putting everything back on, with old fashioned vintage 1936 brass hanks - no roller furling, no power winches or other fancy stuff, but *Peter* of course had the latest electronic navigational gear and GPS.

Just as I had anticipated from my studying the Pilot Charts for April and May and other sailing info for this area, we sailed practically straight north, 60 degrees off the wind, till we reached 30 degrees north latitude. The weather remained sunny, the wind steady, and the night skies were filled with stars, with the north star showing us the way. It was real easy for the helmsman, because the compass on this 75-year old veteran boat was not always easy to read, especially at night, but also during the day when the sun was hitting it wrong. At first the lubber line was practically invisible, and the degree numbers also had faded with time. I remember trying to steer 10 degrees, which for me was "a tad to the right of the big N (NORTH)". 83 degrees was "a tad to the left of the big E (90 degrees/EAST)". Most everyone had some problems with the compass, or did not dare voice it out loud. I, however, always mentioned when I could not clearly read the compass and volunteered to change sails or reef the mainsail instead. But on a "classic yacht" one accepts such historic imperfections - the old brass binnacle compass looked great, though.

Right from the beginning of the trip, Skipper Christoph as well as young and eager Best Man (First Mate) Benno constantly checked the speedometer and always were eager to coax another knot out of the old racer. We only reefed the main and reduced foresails when absolutely necessary. We flew the mizzen staysail whenever possible and even the large spinnaker, one day even past midnight. We definitely did not sail the old *Peter* as a museum piece, cautiously, gingerly across the Atlantic; we pushed it hard,

Port bow down for 2000 miles.



Starboard up.





RZ at the helm in fair weather...



Teak decks, wooden masts and blocks - a classic yacht.

...and foul.



as the *Peter* was used to. Although the whole crew was paying to go on this trip, we were not pampered "paying guests", but were all actively sailing the boat, and had lots of big-boat sailing experience. My watch-mates Franz and Karl-Heinz and I greatly enjoyed the challenge and were impressed with *Peter's* simplicity, beauty and toughness.

Most days the deck was wet and the rail was in the water. Occasionally the Atlantic came up to the cockpit coaming, but only rarely did it jump into the cockpit itself, the bathtub, as it is known amongst sailors. Sailing about 60 degrees on the wind, the boat frequently slammed into the waves or fell off a wave top with a mighty bang and a shudder. Moving around below deck was very difficult, even when holding onto the many handrails with both hands. All of us had sizable black and blue spots on elbows, knees and hips, from being tossed around below deck. Cooking a meal on the hinged stove was a real challenge; pouring off hot spaghetti or potato water into the sink downright dangerous.

But my, did the food taste good, compared to the French "cuisine" on *Fiddler's Green* in 1977! Everything we ate was cooked from scratch by either watch crew with Skipper's expert supervision. We had fresh chicken, steak, pork and lamb chops, salt cod (bacalhau), but best of all, fresh tuna steaks and sushi as well as dorade steaks. We caught two ten-pound tuna and two ten-pound dorades on our two trailing fishing lines. Best Man Benno baked sourdough bread, and I had brought some Fleischmann's yeast along, so I could bake fresh yeast rolls and bread. We also had a generous supply of fresh Antigua tomatoes, green peppers, sweet and regular potatoes, grapefruit, bananas, mango and lots of coconuts for afternoon snacks in the cockpit. All the above was interspersed with lots of pasta dressed up with pesto. And yes,

there always was a thermos of tea or coffee, day or night.

After 2,000 nautical miles sailing with our port side in the water and starboard so high that it was real hard for me getting into and then staying in my starboard bunk, it was a relief to tack over. Shifting the four running back stays (two on each side), jib and main sheets was gladly done. The wind mostly was around 15-20 knots, but never more than force 7-8, 28-40 knots. We occasionally had to drop the main sail, but never had to hoist the try sail, heave to or use a drogue anchor, the three most frequently used storm procedures. We always sailed on course with at least one fore sail (storm jib) and full mizzen sail on the mast aft, one of the major advantages of sailing a yawl. The *Peter* felt solid as a rock at all times, giving us full control fore and aft, unlike that dreadful time on the schooner *Fiddler's Green* in 60 knot winds with only a triple reefed foresail on the foremast (no jib, jumbo or main), because the skipper was drunk and would not let us reef in time.



My starboard bunk.

Getting to the Azores from the Caribbean is not as easy as it looks, since you cannot steer a direct course, due to the prevailing easterly trade winds and the larger weather pattern around the Azores, the Azores High. Sailors have to head north first, almost to latitude 30, in order to get onto the northern edge of the high pressure system. Only then can they slowly curve in or even down to the Azores from the north. At one point (on May 5, 41 N 44W) we were closer to Newfoundland than to the Azores, a shocking thought, requiring changing from shorts to polys and polar fleece sweaters.

Our distances noon-to-noon varied between 131 and 206 nautical miles, 148 on average. All in all, we sailed an extra 700 miles on the way to the Azores (a total of 2,671 nautical Miles/2,938 statute

miles/4,808 km). But at 1:00 a.m. on the 19th day of our trip we sailed into Horta Harbor on the island of Faial, just across from the island volcano Pico, (2,352 meters - technically the tallest mountain belonging to Portugal), visible for miles out to sea. We stepped ashore, to complete our landing, slapped each other on the shoulder and quietly enjoyed a beer at the dock. There wasn't much to say. We had a very long, dark and windy night behind us and were very tired. And since we could not go ashore to find a bar that was still open, because we weren't able to clear through immigration till later that morning, most of us just fell into bed on the boat, which for once was not trying to pitch us out onto the cabin floor.

This was only our second beer of the entire trip. On the half-way point to the Azores (our "Bergfest" on May 2, at 36N 49W) we had celebrated the 75th birthday of the *Peter*, its Atlantic crossing, Skipper's 20th anniversary as new owner and skipper, as well as my return trip on the *Peter* after 50 years exactly. We all had one beer, one beer only, since we were sailing on the open ocean - for safety reasons, otherwise almost no alcohol the entire trip!

Horta Harbor was full of sailboats, many of which, like us, using the Azores as a stopover for ports in Europe. The boat behind us in the gas line in English Harbor on Antigua arrived the same day we did and tied up alongside our boat, since space was sparse in the tight little harbor. The Azores, a group of 9 larger volcanic islands way off Portugal/Spain in mid Atlantic, is Portuguese, which meant we had to go through immigration and customs into the European Union. We did not have to repeat this procedure entering Hamburg, Germany.

The first thing sailors do in Horta is find the Sports Bar "Peter" (not named after our *Peter*, but we pretended it was and made it our meeting place on shore) and have a beer or two. This made washing the boat top to bottom with fresh water much easier. Supper was in a real fine harbor restaurant, the Canto da Doca, where table and plates did not constantly move and threaten to unload the food into your laps. Instead, each of us could grill his own seafood and meats on an individual red-hot slab of volcanic rock, placed right beside us on the table. The local red wine wasn't bad either. It was a memorable evening, a well-deserved moment of celebration.

The next day, five of us took a taxi to the huge caldera, the large volcanic crater lake in the middle of the island. The last



In Horta Harbor on Faial I., Azores.



Volcano caldera on Faial I., Azores.

eruption was in 1957, but all was quiet now. The island looked surprisingly green and fertile, with lots of farm land, grazing cattle and vineyards. In earlier days, Faial was a whaling station, I learned when visiting the local whaling museum, filled now with pictures of whaling boats, whaling stations, whalebones, and elaborate scrimshaw carvings on sperm whale teeth. Poor Moby Dick, I thought to myself, as I headed down to the Sports Bar "Peter" for a glass of real Douro Port to settle my stomach.

To nobody's surprise, Skipper then gave the crew an extra day on shore, since he did not want to leave on Friday the 13th. Two crew members, both very good friends of mine by now, were leaving for home. I lost my watch captain Franz, with whom I had established a very good rapport, but who had planned to sail only the first leg of the trip, and unfortunately also Oliver, with a deep cut on his hand that got badly infected and needed medical help. Three new crew came on, as planned. So now we were 8 on board. Skipper and Best Man Benno returned from the supermarket as well as the farmers market with lots of supplies for the second part of our trip. We were ready to push off again.



My watch: Karl-Heinz, Franz, Reinhard.

Part II: Azores Hamburg, Germany

We left Horta on May 14, my 72nd birthday, which Skipper and crew helped me celebrate with a sizable chocolate cake for breakfast, accompanied by a hearty rendition of "Happy Birthday" and a navy blue polo shirt with the *Peter von Seesternahe* logo on it. Thanks, guys! I in turn "donated" my white University of Maine baseball cap to Neptune in the windy hustle of leaving - always clip it on, folks, if you do not want to lose it!

The second part of our trip was quite different from the first. The wind was more southerly and less strong, i.e. it came more from behind. This meant the boat was riding much quieter and drier. Often two jibs were

boomed out up front, and both main and mizzen were wung out. Occasionally we even hoisted the spinnaker to give us some extra speed. At just such a moment, around supper time on the fourth day out of Horta (or 450 nautical miles out to sea, at 46N 26W), we were buzzed twice by a low flying American military helicopter, who refused to identify himself when hailed via VHF radio. Ah, well, we must have looked great, though, and I hope they got some nice pictures of us tearing along under full sail.



Wung out towards England.

Speedster at the helm was Skipper Christoph, who got the speedometer needle up to 12.6 knots for a short spurt. Two days we made 205 and 206 miles in 24 hours (noon to noon), a great distance for an older heavy 60' racer with a steel, not carbon fiber composite, hull. On the days we set our clocks ahead one hour (6 times across the Atlantic to Hamburg), we of course lost an hour of sailing, with noticeably lower daily runs.

Our course was rather straight towards the Scilly Isles, Lands End and The Lizard in southern England. We saw land (Bishop's Rock) on the 29th day out since Antigua. We had made it across "the pond"! From there we literally flew through the English Channel, with lots of huge container ships in the ships' channel to our right. Early in the morn-

ing of Day 31, at 4:30 a.m. to be exact, we sailed past the white cliffs of Dover, with the very first rays of the rising sun just hitting the steep, white shore.

Before we noticed it, we were across the Channel and off Holland, Belgium and the Frisian Islands, leading all the way into the Elbe River. Off Norderney Island, the wind suddenly fell dead calm. Motoring or swimming off the boat were the options. Of course we went swimming, that is, three of us, who were confident we could climb back on board via the poop-away boom aft (the two wooden stern extensions for the mizzen sheet), since Skipper refused to put down the boarding ladder and scrape up his new paint job. Earlier he had revarnished the sides of the chart house and gunwales - he was always doing something, was always busy, was helping with the meals or figuring out a way to coax another half-knot out of the boat. He was also definitely in charge of setting and controlling the huge (185 square meters) spinnaker. Skipper was kind and helpful on one hand, but also demanding and tough when required. He reminded me of my younger self, and so we got along just fine.

We then motored a bit, till the wind picked up again. (Total time under motor for the entire trip: 79.5 hours.) After a while the wind swung around to the east, which meant we could not head for the mouth of the Elbe River directly, but headed for the island of Helgoland instead for the night. For me, this stretch was one of the most glorious joyrides of the entire trip. The wind cranked up to force 7-8 (a solid 35 knots), and the *Peter* was loving it, and so was I. I was at the helm from midnight to 3:30 a.m. without a break, keeping the powerful light of Helgoland just 10-15 degrees to port, without having to check the dark and gloomy looking compass. Occasionally Skipper or Best Man Benno, who were checking our course and progress through the myriad of fishing, tour and pleasure boats on radar and GPS, called out a slight course correction, but I mostly heard: "Perfect course! Keep going the same direction!" A real ego-booster.

Skipper then took us into the inner harbor. It was 4:00 a.m. We were back on German soil, and just as on our arrival on the Azores, it was a tad too late for a celebratory drink ashore. So we guzzled down a can of Becks beer, standing cold, tired and not knowing what to say, on the gray concrete pier. Since I had promised the crew one last round of my homemade yeast rolls and musli/raisin bread, I got up again at 6:30 a.m. to bake. I figured I had plenty of time to catch up on sleep later.



Atlantic sunrise.



Up the Elbe River towards Hamburg.

After a short hike on shore, looking at the resort town on this tiny North Sea island with its steep, red sandstone shore, we left at about noon to catch a favorable tide up the Elbe River to Hamburg. A sudden gust put the old *Peter* on its ear, but he bounced right back up again. We then blew up the river just outside the shipping lanes, racing the huge container ships into port.

We made it as far as the Oste River, where we decided to run up to the tiny, idyllic river port of Neuhaus. It did not hurt that it had an old country inn right behind the dikes, serving great homemade, beer and Hawaiian baguettes. This was our homecoming, even though we still had another 6 hour sail to the Wedel Yacht Club, the *Peter's* home port.

We were off again at 5:00 a.m., which was very hard for some of the revelers. Sailing up the Elbe River, hard on the wind at a very fast clip, with all sails set, was exciting. But arriving at the Wedel Yacht Club & Marina around noon on May 27, was kind of a let-down - very mild, to say the least. There was nobody there to greet us. I missed my cheerful sweetheart Nancy to wave us in, as she does on most of my ocean paddle trips. My sister, cousins and friends, who live in and near Hamburg, were all on vacation themselves and couldn't come. Sorry! Only Skipper's dad and sister came a bit later, with a large bowl of fresh strawberries - yum, and thanks!

We tied up, glugged down another Becks, took down, washed and bagged all sails, tossed the old mizzen staysail on the

End of trip - Wedel/Hamburg, Germany.



truck to go to the sailmaker to be replaced, washed the entire boat, inside and out, emptied out all food and extra gear, including ours, and the trip was over. Most crew members then called taxis to head for the airport or train station to go home. That night only Dominik and I slept on board and then enjoyed one last early breakfast together in the morning. He was off at 6:00 a.m.; I was picked up at 9:00. It suddenly felt awfully lonely on board.

Summary

Thus ends this great sailing trip on the 75-year-old veteran *Peter von Danzig*, now *Peter von Seestermu'he*, diagonally across the Atlantic from Antigua to the Azores and on to Hamburg, Germany. It took us 5 weeks to cover the 4,672 nautical miles (5,139 statute miles or 8,410 kilometers). Due to the wind and weather patterns, we had to sail an extra 700 nautical miles to get to the Azores. But we did it with speed and arrived on time on both legs of the trip. All in all we sailed 32 days and spent 3 days on shore on the Azores; 79.5 hours the motor helped us along. There was no damage to the boat or gear, except for a number of tears in the genoa and mizzen staysail, which were easily fixed with stick-on tape. The two wooden masts survived yet another crossing with flying colors.

Gear, Health and Wildlife

As for the crew, one broke or cracked a rib in a car accident on his way to the boat in Antigua. Being a true Berliner, he grit his teeth, went along in spite of that mishap, with the help of my Tylenol, mostly sat and manned the helm, rather than hoisting sails, and slowly got better. Another crew member cut his hand on a broken glass. The cut got badly infected and forced him to fly back home to Switzerland from the Azores. (Glass shouldn't have been on board in the first place, or should only be used in port, is my thinking.) Several crew members got seasick, but such is life on the high seas (fortunately, I never have). On the Azores, one of the crew brought a one-day stomach bug on board, which most everybody caught, including me.

My personal sailing gear of lots of polypropylene, polar fleece and waterproof materials worked very well. Most days I wore a poly suit, polar fleece vest, Gore-Tex suit, one-piece foul-weather gear, wool cap and hood as well as poly gloves, and of course poly socks and big rubber sea boots. At night and during windy days we also put on our life jackets with built-in harness system with double carabiners, always clicking into the safety lines before stepping out into the cockpit or on deck. Sunscreen and sunglasses were also absolutely necessary. So it took quite some time to get ready to go on watch, as well as getting undressed for meals or bed. It had to be

planned in carefully timewise. We only took bucket-baths behind the mizzen mast, practically every morning during our off-watch, and the water was quite cold all the way across the Atlantic. My satellite phone again worked flawlessly, all the way across the Atlantic. (I used it only on prearranged days and times to call Nancy at home.) My SPOT locator beacon, which I activated every noon, local time, worked most of the time.

I am sorry to say that I did not see all that much sea life. The whales appeared mostly on the other watch, so it seemed, and had already disappeared when I stuck my head out. The dolphins seemed much smaller than on my earlier crossing, came in much smaller pods and were gone much faster. Our greatest triumph, though, was freeing a good-sized turtle entangled in a sizable discarded net. We always trailed 2 fishing lines behind the boat, and one day We thought we'd caught a real big one. It turned out to be a large rope net with a big, live turtle in it. We cut the turtle loose, took pictures of it, and released the happy swimmer. The net had floated on the surface, and lots of little crabs had made it their home, so the turtle must have been able to breathe as well as eat. Lucky for the turtle, we came along to extricate it.



A turtle named "Lucky".

The Azores announced themselves in advance with flocks of seabirds, which I could not all identify, and Ireland/England sent out elegant gannets to greet us. I kept a look-out for pollution all the way across the Atlantic, especially fields of floating plastic as recently reported on the Pacific, but I found none, except for a few discarded boxes and small floating containers when crossing the major shipping lanes on the Atlantic. (*Peter* only threw food scraps and punctured cans overboard, which I was assured was acceptable.)

When I left the *Peter* on May 28, 2011 at the Wedel Marina, being the last crew member off board, the old veteran looked very lonely, but also very proud with its gleaming white sides and rich mahogany brightwork. And I

have to admit, I felt the same: lonely, standing there with my large Navy seabag with the trip being over, and at the same time proud of having completed this long trans-Atlantic sail at age 72 without any mishap, and sailing as actively as the rest of the crew - and loving it! I knew my life would pick up speed again as soon as I flew home to Boston and got to Orono eventually, and so would *Peter's* life. Skipper would take his beloved yawl to the big Kiel Regatta on the Baltic Sea in a couple of days, and then with yet another new crew to St. Petersburg in Russia and some Finnish and Swedish ports along the way. Later in the summer *Peter* would sail to Bergen, Norway and back, and finally around Skagen, Denmark into the North Sea, and back up the Elbe River to Wedel, for a well-deserved winter's rest and overhaul. The following winter, though, *Peter* would sail again in the Caribbean, and the entire cycle would repeat itself. Anybody want to sail along? Just go to the www.peter-von-seestermuehe.de website and contact skipper Christoph von Reibnitz. He may have a bunk just for you.

PS: My actual departure from Hamburg on May 30 was more dramatic than necessary. First I had to skirt a significant e-coli outbreak centered around that city. Second, I hoped the airport would re-open after the ash cloud from the Iceland volcano had shut it down for a couple of days. And third, I almost missed my landing at Logan Airport/Boston because of a rare tornado headed right for it (it hit Worcester instead). So you see, life picks up again fast and is never dull...

Happy sailing, Bon voyage, Be safe and enjoy, Reinhard.

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www.peter-von-seestermuehe.de
www.peter-von-danzici.de

NOAA Gnomonic plotting chart of the North Atlantic

NOAA Pilot Chart of the North Atlantic Ocean, April-May

Simon Winchester: Atlantic. Harper Collins, NY, 2010.

John Masefield (1878-1967) (English Poet Laureate, 1930-1967.)

Sea-Fever

I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
 And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
 And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
 And the grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
 Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
 And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
 And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
 To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
 And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover
 And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.



**Gundalow
COMPANY**

Protecting the Piscataqua region's
maritime heritage and environment
through education and action



Gundalow Shutter Plank Party

By Molly Bolster
Executive Director

We had over 300 people at the Puddle Dock Shipyard in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on September 28 for the shutter plank celebration! It was a memorable moment with Ned McIntosh, age 94, and Eleanor Marshall, age 3, along with Paul Rollins and his crew whacking the tunnels to fasten the last plank. Ned is our living connection to the past, being the only living soul who has helped build four gundalows, while Eleanor and her classmates, who will become the future river/bay stewards, are the real reason we are building this boat.

Ralph Morang's great pictures are on our Facebook page and Bob Cook of Portsmouth Patch produced a short time lapse format. We raised our glasses to thank the more than 400 people who have helped us build the new gundalow and had some fun as people bought various parts of the boat from anchors (\$2,500) and planks (\$1,000) to lifejackets (\$50 each).

There are many parts available on the campaign page of our website: <http://www.gundalow.org>.

Season Sailing passes are available for 2012; for \$1,000 you can sail as many times as you want! Your support now is more important than ever!

We thank all those who have been with us from the beginning and for believing in this project. We also thank Dennis Robinson for his great article in the *Portsmouth Herald*, he got it so right when he said, "Our kids need this boat!" and "The gundalow could save the seacoast!"

Now that the shutter plank is in place we are looking ahead to the launching in December. We have raised over \$900,000 and have \$300,000 left to go. Thank you to all who have already contributed. If you haven't yet, we hope any of you interested in this project will be inspired to do so.



Under construction summer of 2011.

Gundalow building crew on site on July 8, 2011. From the left, Dennis Glidden, Joe Taylor, Paul Rollins, Nate Piper, Nate Greeley, Cliff Punchard and Peter Happny.—*Photo by Ralph Morang*



Too Intimate with Irene

By Harald Moore
Reprinted from *On the River*

Most folks keep heavy weather like tornadoes and hurricanes at some distance. When a storm hits, most folks go inside their home to wait out the worst of the weather. That's not unreasonable. Who wants to be out in a terrible storm? We didn't necessarily want to be out in the midst of Hurricane Irene's fury but, you see, we have this boat...

Our boat has an open cockpit and doesn't have a bilge pump. If it rains really hard, the cockpit footwell fills up with water. Add a little more water and it starts overflowing from the cockpit into the boat's cabin. That makes an ungodly mess of things. And, of course, if it keeps on adding water, eventually the boat sinks.

We got very intimate with Irene because our boat, the *Lucky Liz*, was on the river during the hurricane. That may not have been the smartest decision we ever made. We were reacting to all the media hype that preceded Irene's arrival and all the doom warnings we kept on hearing. We said, "Shoot! We're not going to get all panicky and crazy. Hurricanes blow out of the northeast and our boat will be safe down there at the bottom of the seawall out of the wind. We'll just have to bail her a bit. We don't have to run her up to the boat launch and pull her out onto the trailer and bring her back here and hide her in the garage. We ain't wimps and neither's our boat and we're not afraid of no dang hurricane!" So we knew, up front, that we were going to have to go out into the storm.

Well, sure enough, on Sunday Irene came with her wind and rain. And we had to go out into it to bail out the boat. Actually, we had to do more than just go out into the wind and rain. We had to climb down into the river and work our way to the boat and clamber in and bail her out. This got more difficult as the river began to rise. And, of course, they'd lied and the wind wasn't out of the northeast.

It was straight out of the north and created waves that bounced the heck out of the boat. The boat bounced enough that she chafed her bowline until it broke and we had to go down into chest deep water which got deeper as we worked our way around the boat, so the 2' waves were trying to haul us away downriver.

It was about then that we told ourselves that we were getting just too intimate with this storm and that for the next one we'd maybe go up to the launch site, pull the boat out onto her trailer, stick her in the garage and stay in the house through the storm.

Well, it rained hard and it rained long and we had to go out into the weather a good number of times to mess about with the boat. Then, by late evening, the storm was pretty much over. The rain slacked off and the wind moved around to the west and quieted a good bit. But the river kept on rising. All the rain that had fallen north and west of us came down the Hudson, trying to get to the ocean. We had to keep on going out and shortening our lines and adjusting our fenders and guessing what time we were going to run out of seawall, fenders and mooring points.

About 3:00 in the morning, just as the river engulfed our seawall, we loosened the



The river rose up the 8' wall.

boat from the wall and guided her over its lip to the edge of the lawn. We got some help from our neighbors and hauled the boat up into the backyard and moored her to the picnic table. Then we quit the whole boat/storm business and went back into the house and went to bed and got some sleep.

Next morning, the sunshine made the memory of the day before sort of surreal. And a boat in the backyard, instead of the river, is sort of jarring. Not as jarring, though, as the sight of the boats whose owners had stayed inside, out of the storm, as Irene passed by. We had to experience Irene a little more intimately than a lot of folks did. But at least we've still got a boat!



Boat in the backyard. Lawn ornament.



Boats where they shouldn't be. These six boats, along with a whole mess of dockage and trees and buoys and everything else, came down the river and clogged the entry to Troy's Federal Lock. Their captains hadn't stayed with them and gone down with their ships.

A Visit from Irene

By Eric Olsen

I'd like to write a vignette about Hurricane Irene and the poor decisions made by me to prepare for it. I am the proud owner of a Herreshoff designed, double ended 17' dory called the *Maggie O III*, built by my friend Rick Foote last year. One thousand rivets hold the 20 oak ribs to the marine plywood in as beautiful a fashion as is possible. It is a true work of art and a small feast for the eyes. The first thing a boat of any size should be is appealing to the eye and, at best, a thing of beauty. From the Friendship sloop to the Concordia yawl and on down to my humble craft, art combined with function is something special and the *Maggie O* is special.

With Hurricane/Tropical Storm Irene churning up the coast with an abundant amount of warning, I decided to leave her in the water in the almost untouchable Juniper Cove here in Salem, Massachusetts and not take her out and risk, I thought, a more serious threat from an old maple tree in our front yard. Two large branches have fallen recently during storms and underneath the tree it is the only place I can store the boat. Juniper Cove is protected from all but a southeast storm and is empty of water some of the time at low tide. Thinking the only thing I had to fear was high southeast

winds at around 11am high tide and believing the odds were in my favor, I completely forgot the oldest law in the world, Murphy's. What were the chances of all three coming together to threaten my boat?

Well, as it turned out 100%. At least I did one thing right and that was to bail out the water from the rain the night before, hoping to make the lighter pull on the outhaul less of a problem. The outhaul is a line stretched from dry land out some distance out over the water with, in my case, a heavy triangle of three pieces of steel bolted together with two pulleys attached, sunk into the mud with a small bucket of cement chained to it for further grip. In most cases this would be fine but I was getting pretty nervous around an hour before high tide and decided I'd take my Jeep down to the cove and read a book while keeping a wary eye on *Maggie*.

Sure enough, as I pulled up I knew there was going to be no reading as the boat was bucking wildly and yawing back and forth in a whitewashed fury of waves and wind. The dreaded high tide was still a bit away and true relief some hour after that, and watching fretfully the gyrations I knew bad things were going to happen since the seawall was only 100' or so from the boat and response time limited. The boat, if freed now, would surely be crushed into the seawall with nothing I could do but watch. I kept watching as the tortuous minutes dragged by with the unrelenting waves growing higher and higher

and racing over the breakwater as if it didn't exist, smashing into the boat with its over-matched outhaul barely holding. The wind sheered off the tops of the waves and they rolled in and crested, sending them into the Jeep and the houses beyond with a fury way beyond the estimated 44mph. That wind was about as close to 44 as I am. For 20 minutes I firmly believe the winds were above 60.

I knew this could not keep up and wondered if the storm would turn either a couple points south where the Winter Island outcropping would shield us or just a couple points east and have Juniper Point do the blocking or it just might abate enough for a sane person to effect a rescue if torn loose. I kept jumping out of the Jeep and peering over the wall to see the amount of water I'd have to contend with if a leap over the wall was called for, and sure enough after an eternity it seemed lower and less formidable. Just then I looked up and saw, with a lump in my throat, that she was dragging, outhaul, cement and all, towards the dreaded wall and it was still too deep for any thought of going after it. My only choice was to sit and hope she would hold until a lower tide would permit me to detach her and try to bring her to a small, high and dry corner of the cove that I had in mind as my only option.

Suddenly, as I was contemplating what to do or not do, she broke free and was headed towards the wall not far away. I exited the Jeep so fast I didn't close the door, a neighbor later mentioned, "you were there one second and gone the next," and leapt over the stone wall to the now less than dangerous, 3' or so of water. I landed nicely enough but had to dodge the incoming boat or become a fender I didn't want to be, grabbed the outside gunwale as she was passing and was pleasantly surprised at how light (due to my earlier bailing) and controllable she was as the *Maggie O* stopped inches from the wall and severe damage.

I was doing good so far until I started leading her towards the dry spot, when I slipped on the incredible slick bottom found in this cove and went under, still holding onto the gunwale but with decidedly less confidence and security. Up again and down again, I saw two figures watching from shore and remember thinking I must look like a large flounder flopping around holding onto the boat. After my second underwater excursion I came up and found, to my great relief, the boat was now in shallow water with just harmless waves slapping her and her bow on dry land with me kneeling beside her about amidships holding her now safe. One nice gentleman appeared at my side, helped me lift the boat as far up onto dry land as possible and the adventure was satisfactorily concluded with all hands soaked but accounted for.

The *Maggie O III* on the calmer day after, pointing straight out towards the dreaded southeast opening to Juniper Cove.



The Beaufort Scale & Irene

By Ken Murphy
Reprinted from Shallow Water Sailor

August 27, 2pm: The practical land-lubber interpretation of the Beaufort Scale pictured appeared in the Washington Post on August 27, 2011, just as the first gusts and rain from Hurricane Irene started pelting Gaithersburg, Maryland. As I type this the wind speed is still showing only 1-4mph ENE, with the expectation that tomorrow morning it would peak out at 31mph (I don't think this number accounts for wind gusts).

All TV news channels are focusing on the storm, and loads of weather graphics can be found on the Internet. Also on the Internet are graphics and summaries from our electrical utility as to the number and location of electrical outages in its service area (showing 10 outages affecting 1000 customers, prior to the storm).

So right now, based on the Beaufort Scale, Gaithersburg should survive without too much damage. As I have mentioned in the past, concerning how I safely survive lightning storms on my boat, I will now take out my rosary beads and pray that we get through OK. Will report how it is in the morning.

August 28, 3am: Sounds of heavy winds woke me up. Still have electricity, though it just flickered. Our electrical utility indicates 1,330 outages affecting 190,000 Montgomery County customers. Whoops, the Internet/cable has just gone down! Wind speed measured at a local school was showing 10-20mph N. Standing in our breezeway is a bit scary with the wind roaring and shaking the trees and bushes. The dark of night has always made storms seem more threatening. I quickly stepped back inside. At 5am I get back into bed.

August 28, 8am: Daylight! Electricity still on, but no cable! Wind not as bad as expected and has backed to the NW. Washington Post, delivered a bit late, indicates over 600,000 homes without electricity in Virginia, Maryland and DC. Seems like we ducked this one. The feeling of relief reminds me of the many mornings on San-ity after surviving a stormy night at anchor. I carefully store my rosary away 'til the next storm's approach.



The way the wind blows	
Meteorologists still use the wind-force scale developed by Sir Francis Beaufort of the British Royal Navy in the early 1800s.	
	0 Less than 1 mph: Completely calm. Smoke rises vertically.
	1 1-3 mph: Smoke drifts, but weather vanes don't budge.
	2 4-7 mph: Leaves rustle, weather vanes turn and you can feel a breeze.
	3 8-12 mph: Light flags extend, but the breeze remains gentle.
	4 13-18 mph: Hang onto loose paper. Small tree branches move.
	5 19-24 mph: Small, leafy trees begin to sway.
	6 25-31 mph: Larger tree branches move. Umbrellas can turn inside out.
	7 32-38 mph: Whole trees move; walkers feel wind resistance.
	8 39-46 mph: Trees sway more, and twigs break; walking is tough.
	9 47-54 mph: Minor damage to buildings begins to occur.
	10 55-63 mph: Trees break or fall, and structural damage is considerable.
	11 64+ mph: A rare wind this strong causes widespread damage.
Source: NOAA	



Some days are better than others, from poor to fair and often good but very rarely perfect, but I was very thrilled to enjoy just such perfection on September 10. A couple of months earlier I had learned about a human-powered boat race scheduled in Marblehead, Massachusetts, on that date, run by the Rotary Club of that town and I signed on immediately, not fully contemplating the consequences.

Consequences? Well, when I sign up for a competitive event of any sort I want to do well and the anxiety I endured for the next few months, wondering how capable I was to compete in something for which I'd never prepared, was intimidating. So prepare I did, to a fault almost, as I rowed four, five or more miles almost thrice weekly to get my endurance up enough to at least not get humiliated.

The race, about an eight miler starting at Devereux Beach, through Tinkers Island Gut, outside Tom Moore's Rock, around the Marblehead Bell, counterclockwise around Cat (Children's) Island and back again, seemed difficult but doable if I put in enough training. So training it was until the anticipated but fretful day arrived and I awoke early and set off from Salem to Marblehead, alone in a U-Haul truck with my beautiful, 17' dory, *Maggie O III*, tucked mostly inside. I arrived around 7am, unloaded *Maggie* and parked the unlikely conveyance across the street and started trying to keep my heart rate down.

Many people and boats arrived and unloaded, mostly the far faster and lighter sculls with their carbon fiber oars and sleek bodies making *Maggie* look like a beautiful but outdated relic from the past washed up alongside them. Give me real wood, please, and spruce oars to pull her with, there was no envy at all as the proud *Maggie*, with her excellent Herreshoff/Gardner bloodlines, sat and awaited her tasks stoically and with more confidence than her master. It was a 9:40 start for our small class of a few similar wooden vessels, along with some paddle boards, my family helped me launch *Maggie* into the high surf and I headed to the starting line. We milled around the committee boat contemplating the very unfortunate, and unforecast, 15 knot breezes from the southeast, directly in our faces, or backs, if you're a rower. "May the wind be at your back" is not the thing to say to a rower.

In the sheltered bay behind the Marblehead Neck causeway the seas were docile but everyone knew what lay ahead as we cleared the Neck and headed east along the coast, and

A Perfect Day

By Eric Olson

into frothy open seas, but how bad it would be was not fully realized. After the first fast-paced but easy mile, we reached the point of awareness, however. Daunting 2'-3' waves with an all too frequent 4' boat stopper lay for three miles ahead. Gulp.

Remember my thoughts as I, along with every other competitor, came to grips with the fact the seven knot breeze from the friendlier northeast, as forecast, was not to be and this row was going to be a beast and something no one trained for. Rising up and banging down in the uncaring waves we all understood that we had to match the seas relentlessness with our own and to beat it had to put everything aside except for the next mark, the can off Tom Moore's rock. Make that one and go to the next, not considering anything but rounding Cat Island and getting friendlier seas home. Amazing the pain we go through to avoid ignominious failure within sight of family and friends.

Looking over my right shoulder I clearly saw Castle Rock and knew my wife, son and daughter were watching, rooting me on, so failure was not an option. Defeat almost came from an unexpected direction, however, as a wave, arriving unseen from behind, snatched my starboard oar from my grip and got it nearly overboard before I quickly snatched it back from the abyss and the lugubrious failure so dreaded. There would be no retrieving oars in this sea.

I finally heard the welcoming bell of the channel marker near Cat Island where there'd be the welcome turn off the wind. I looked to see how far away it was and was decidedly sorry to see that a long distance remained, I had forgotten that the fresh wind was sending the bell's peals far to leeward to my hopeful ears. Like a moth to the flame, outriggers, one and two man sculls, kayaks, dories and their rowers, all with the same intensity as I, converged on the bell and near salvation. Next up was the rounding of the stark grey and forbidding rock with its crashing waves off the seaward side of the island.

Unfortunately, upon its rounding I found there was no relief as the seas, now directly on my beam, sent waves crashing along the topsides and curling over the gunwale into the boat. Bad thing since it was a very dif-

ficult situation with a lee shore close by and high waves ready to push me into it if I had to stop and bail. I also had no desire to ferry a ton of water to the finish line so I rowed a zig-zag course towards the committee boat and a made a further turn underneath and into the lee of the island and calmer, almost tranquil, seas. Glory be there was still a half mile of upwind pulling to round the bell for the second time but with calmer seas the feeling of success started to build.

Once the bell was rounded the seas became less angry and more helpful as they lifted and pushed me along with not near enough compensation for their negative earlier influence, but good enough to contemplate the finish line and family waiting on shore to welcome me. I had a chance to put in my earplugs to listen to some tunes my daughter downloaded especially for the race. Amazing the energy the right music can give you. "Layla" came on just about the same time as I started thinking of the finish, and as I looked straight up into a beautiful blue sky with wisps of white, I got an endorphin, salt air, triumphant, beautiful day thrill I may never encounter again. Absolutely worth the many painful, solitary training rows. What a feeling and what a day as I rounded the neck singing "Layla" as loudly as I could and turned towards the finish line some 300 yards off shore.

I took a second to rearrange the flag back to its station after it had been knocked about earlier and crossed the finish line with a flourish with the ensign snapping in the breeze at a speed not experienced for an hour and 40 minutes. I yelled out my number "8" to the committee boat and swung the double ended *Maggie* stern first towards shore and saw a sight that I'll never forget, my wife Susan, daughter Maggie and son Ben with Max straining at the leash all lined up at the edge of the shore. When I saw their faces I realized they had pulled harder for me than I had for myself and as big a smile as I was capable of came over my face.

I dragged the boat a few yards ashore, to hugs, handshakes and a couple wet ones from Max as "Team Olson" turned up the beach for lunch, awards and the continuation of a perfect day.

Congratulations to the Rotary Club and their volunteers and watchful chase boats, looking after us like mother hens, in making the race a very successful, safe, fun event.



Thursday, July 14, 2011, 1200hrs, Stockton Harbor, Maine: I am aboard *Red Zinger*, about to set out for Holbrook Island Sanctuary in my first attempt to sail somewhere by myself. The wind is gusty out of the north and I am thinking it's blowing a bit too hard. I've double reefed the main in preparation for leaving the mooring. There's no question that I'm going to go, I've been looking forward to this for months and our vacation is over Sunday. It's now or wait 'til next year.

After agonizing over the decision I decide to leave the mooring under power, the wind is just too gusty and the mooring field too crowded to risk leaving the mooring under sail.

I've been reading W.B. Cheney's accounts in *MAIB* of sailing his engineless Marshall catboat, *Penelope*, and am newly ashamed of relying on an outboard. And, perhaps not surprisingly, it turns out that leaving under power is not that much simpler. By the time I drop the mooring and get back to the tiller, we've blown a bit to leeward and I have to gun the engine to avoid other moored boats. Maybe next time I'll sail off, I almost always do when I have crew.

Once out of the mooring field, I put the engine in neutral and let the mizzen hold the boat (kind of) to windward. Up goes the main and we're off. We zoom south (downwind) toward the harbor mouth.

Not too bad, I think to myself. Now how do I raise the engine without jibing? I decide to change course to a reach, release the main and let *Zinger* lie ahull which, thankfully, she does nicely. Engine up, I haul in the main and resume heading south. I realize that when I have crew, I almost never stop the boat to accomplish a task, this need to stop the boat actually makes doing the task more relaxing.

With the initial challenges of getting underway behind me, I have time to admire the scenery as well as the sensation of freedom that has suddenly hit me.

Sears Island slides by to starboard, Squaw Island to port and before me lies the open bay. Thanks to the building high pressure system, not only do I have a favorable breeze, but I can see forever. Turtle Head lies to the south and the Camden hills are imposing to the southwest. There are no other boats in sight. My boat has food, water and fuel, everything aboard is working (I'm reminded of Eileen Quinn's simple rule of boat repair, "if it ain't broke, don't use it.") and I feel like I can go anywhere.

"Anywhere" for me tonight is Holbrook Island Sanctuary, a scant six or seven miles away, just south of the historic town of Castine, site of a great naval disaster during the Revolutionary War. As we approach the northernmost entrance, the wind begins to die down so I shake out the reef and we slip between Holbrook and Nautilus Islands easy as you please.

A seal swims alongside for a moment, looking a lot like my daughter's Labrador retriever. I'm planning to anchor in an 8' spot just southeast of Ram Island, about a quarter mile downwind. Just then the northerly returns with a vengeance, gusting maybe

My First Single-Handed Cruise

By Paul Follansbee
Reprinted from the *Shallow Water Sailor*

20 knots. Immediately *Zinger* is flying and I decide to slow her down by dropping the main and then running sedately downwind under the mizzen. This strategy works initially, the main drops nicely into the lazy jacks, and I head the boat off.

Unfortunately the wind is now strong enough to have *Zinger* doing four knots under mizzen alone, far too fast for my comfort as I am heading into a very small anchorage rimmed east, north and west by rocks. This is where it would be nice to have a crew member (i.e., Debbie) on the bow, ready to drop the hook. Alas, I am the helms person and the deckhand. I put the tiller into the tiller comb and hustle to the bow cockpit, by this time the rocks look close and I don't think I have time to go back to the cockpit and round up to anchor.

Hoping no one is watching, I decide to "schooner anchor," which means dropping the hook while moving forward at speed and hoping the hook grabs bottom. I drop the anchor and throw lots of line overboard, all the while watching the rocks approach and marveling at how quickly a lovely day can approach disaster. I rush back to the cockpit, the anchor still hasn't bitten. I'm about to start the engine (sorry W.B.) when the hook bites and *Zinger* swings smartly to the wind. I make an effort to look as though I'd planned this way all along.

Holbrook is a lovely harbor and we are the only boat there until a Bristol 27 reaches in just before sunset. I admire her from a distance, for when I was growing up my father and mother would take us three kids for six weeks from City Island to Nantucket on a Bristol 27 and my head swims with memories from 40 years ago. I remember that it took us the first three summers to learn that reefing was an option.

My dad was utterly fearless, unlike his crew, and we sailed in all kinds of weather. I remember in the summer of 1969 banging up Vineyard Sound against a 30kt northeaster, steep, short waves, heavy rain, cold. My dad came below for a break after just getting a faceful of saltwater. "Isn't this exhilarating?" he exclaimed. Then, to top it off, with the rest of us green about the gills, he opened a can of Dinty Moore beef stew and ate it cold from the can, congealed fat and all. I am not the man my father is.

For supper I heat up a can of chili (no cold canned food for me) and have it with fresh bread and a Shipyard Export Ale. Ospreys fly overhead, the western sun lights the rocks and the pines and the breeze begins to die down. I happily anticipate a quiet evening reading and a good night's sleep. As the sun sets, the full moon rises in the east.

But with that moon comes a brisk breeze from the east. *Zinger* rides back over

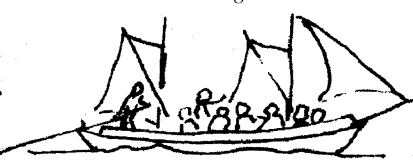
her anchor to pull in the opposite direction. I go forward to check that we are holding, putting my hand on the anchor rode I can feel the telltale vibration of a Bruce anchor clattering over rocks or shells. After what seems forever, the anchor bites. Heaving a sigh of relief, I decide to pull hard on the rode to set the anchor more firmly, clatter, clatter and we are off again. Another 30' and the anchor grabs. This time I'm not touching it. Going below I watch the GPS to see if we're moving, and try to read, listening to the wind. Around 10:30 this strange easterly dies out and I sleep soundly.

Morning comes clear and windless, I row the skiff to Ram's Island for a look around. From the island I can see out to the bay, no wind there either. But the morning is pretty and cool and I am in no hurry. Back on the boat I cook oatmeal and heat up coffee. Sitting on a stool in the galley to do the dishes, I marvel at how functional this little boat is, designed by Phil Bolger and built by the amazing Dr Z (see following article. ED). She is quick, easy to sail and comfortable to live aboard. Her accommodations are uncomplicated and practical. I feel very fortunate to have her.

A light breeze springs up. Again prudence, I think, prevails and I power off the anchor. Once off the bell marking the entrance to Castine, there is enough wind to sail, just. The breeze is from the north so we leisurely tack northwest toward Turtle Head, the northernmost tip of Islesboro. Making a quiet two knots, I spot porpoises and seals on every hand. I text Debbie that "I am sailing among porpoises and seals." She replies that she is "among Bishop's Weed" (a notoriously invasive species that has begun to invade our lawn and garden in Winterport). Despite this attempt to make me feel guilty, I thoroughly enjoy this quiet sail.

A few hours later find us becalmed just off Sears Island, almost home. I can see, maddeningly, a brisk northerly breeze in the harbor. My friend, Stan Blake, on his Bolger-designed Manatee, *Alert*, is double reefed and running out of the harbor. I am completely becalmed, with wind not more than 200 yards away. After almost half an hour the wind reaches us and I have to tuck in a double reef. Now we are tacking up the channel between Sears and Squaw Islands as *Alert* runs by. As we enter the harbor I shake out one reef and single reefed we zip back and forth, making our way to the mooring.

Once there I again chicken out and drop the sails, start the engine and power to the mooring. Once again it's blowing hard. Approaching the mooring I put the engine in neutral and wait 'til the last second before running forward to pick up the mooring. Once on the bow, I reach out my hand, only to watch as the tall buoy stays 3' out of reach. Going back to the cockpit, this time noticing the observers on the boats moored nearby, I circle around again, waiting a little longer this time before throwing her into neutral, this time I get within 2'. Circling back, I nail it on the third try, to what I hope was sympathetic applause from the onlookers. Next time I'm sailing in.



Rolling Over RED ZINGER

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks



25 Years Ago
in **MAIB**

My friend Richard (the Amazing Dr. Z) has been working on his newest dreamboat for most of the winter now, ever since he hauled out his catboat GARFIELD for the season. RED ZINGER is a 28' cat ketch custom designed for the Dr. by Phil Bolger. It's being built in the new shop the good Dr. built just for the job (the old shed that encompassed the building of the 15' GARFIELD was much too small). In early December, RZ had reached the stage when it was now necessary to "roll her over" for interior and deck/cockpit construction. The 8' beam could not be rolled over inside under the 8' overhead roof truss clearance due to the diagonals on the double chine hull exceeding this figure by a couple of inches. So it had to be rolled out of the shed, rolled over and rolled back in. Several of us gathered with Dr. Z on the appointed day, and here in pictures is how it went.

A. Dr. Z is inordinately proud of his creation, despite some reservations about its appearance from more traditionalist minded boat friends. Here the upside down hull (yes, that's what THAT is) rests on the ramp just outside the shop doors.

B. It was easy enough to roll the hull out down the ramp, the cable was to STOP it from rolling too far.

C. "Do you suppose that tire will be enough to cushion the fall when she comes over?" is Richard's thought here as friend Dean Stump assists in the contemplation. (Dean is building a strip planked Friendship Sloop himself, much more curvaceous a craft).

D. The double chine design did make getting it over amenable to a multi-stage operation. Here Dean views the half-way point, the line was hooked to the Dr.'s 4WD wagon from the gunwales to get it to this point.

E. To discourage premature completion of the roll-over, this brace was hastily propped into the centerboard slot. Under the old carpet is a simple cradle.

F. "She's over," says Dr. Z with satisfaction. All of a piece too, a very nice easy roll-over on that double chine. Looks better upright, eh?

G. "What's this, what's this?" asks Richard, as he checks on the forefoot. Did it get dinged?

H. Heading back inside, all uphill now, the wagon will haul it up the "ramp" through a pulley block hooked to the back wall of the shop.



I. In she goes, and yes, there will be enough overhead clearance on that door when she comes out next time with a low cabin house in place. So Dr. Z says, anyway.

J. The quiet pride that comes from achievement, as Dr. Z now contemplates the long winter fitting out the interior of his dream. RED ZINGER is scheduled to hit the

water next summer, comfortable cruising for a family of four. The Dr. says she'll look better in the water, more "boaty". And if he has his way, your view will be from behind, trying to stay up with him. He likes a fast boat that looks slow, bothers a lot of would-be "racers" out there on Ipswich Bay.



Fairwell to a Broken Giant

By Bob McAuley

July 11 brought another fast moving rain and windstorm to my favorite paddling waters, Salt Creek just outside Chicago. This was the storm that put over 850,000 electrical customers out of service before it danced across Lake Michigan headed east. The aftermath affected the traffic signals on the following morning's drive to the creek. It's normally only a 20 minute drive to "put in" at the old grist mill.

The creek was calm as I shoved off for another quiet paddle upstream. The temperature was already in the 80s but I was soothed with a gentle breeze in my face from the north. I was solo again and curious to see what new damage had occurred since last week's storm.

A blue and white diving bird caught my eye as well as his kingfisher calls as he landed on a dead limb nearby. Then he quickly vanished downstream. That was my first sighting of that bird this year. Paddling by the large mudflat I spotted six geese that hurried their new goslings into the woods. An egg-shaped white object caught my eye laying on the waters' edge. I glided up to it and scooped up another golf ball! Moving on I jumped that great blue heron who slowly pumped those blue-grey wings northward.

Crossing under the log-damaged pedestrian bridge, I gazed down into the sunlit brown colored water where I spied two dozen 20" diameter white saucer-shaped nests. These egg nests consist of silver dollar size, open, empty, old clam shells that cover the bottom of the creek in the tens of thousands. These old shells are olive green on the outside but white and purple pearl color inside.

The nesting bluegills clear the brown silt off all the turned up cups of the shells and even eventually lay their eggs inside them. About 40 cups make up each nest arranged into a perfect circle. These disc shaped nests really stood out well with the bright sun illuminating them against the dull green creek bottom. At first sight, I thought they looked like round footprints made by some prehistoric monster. Maybe I thought that way because there is on exhibit that 10,000-year-old Woolly Mammoth in the Fullersburg Museum only 70 yards away!

Getting back to reality, I paddled past the museum and headed for the island. Having forgotten my watch, I decided to shorten my visit, due to the intense heat, when I reached that familiar 80' high giant, bleached, dead cottonwood. I would then turn around. I had photographed it in an earlier article about Salt Creek.

Rounding the island, I was treated to a symphony of bird songs which was soothing to my soul. I even quit paddling and enjoyed the chorus. Squeezing past the logs in the sunny shallows 12" deep, I came upon a 10lb soft shell turtle I had seen before. He sneaked out from beneath my bow and went about his prowl for lunch. I could have reached down and petted him as he slid by.

After paying my respects to "Tommy Turtle," I pushed out from the strainer clogged back island and back into the quick-running mainstream. It was getting hotter and I was starting to tire. I was eagerly looking forward

to turning around when I reached that white cottonwood. I paddled on, still looking for the tree. Finally I came to a toppled strainer I recognized from two weeks ago. It contained a deflated blue and white mud covered plastic raft, well tangled in its branches. Today it was gone. I remembered that the "Prairie State Canoe Club" was here last week. I met some of them and watched them do an excellent clean up job of our creek.

Pleasantly relieved that the unsightly raft was gone, I turned back downstream a little puzzled. Somehow I must have paddled past the landmark cottonwood. I don't usually miss a big landmark. Did my tree go missing? Only minutes later as I glided downstream the puzzle as to where my tree went was answered.

On the far bank, where it had stood just yesterday, I found it resting parallel to the water and extending out into its green watery grave. Stunned, I paddled over to it and touched its dead white bleached limbs. I had marveled only last week at its strength to have withstood that last tree busting storm. Now it lays broken.

I could only imagine its final moments. Its creaking sounds made by the fierce gusting wind rocking the stiff giant back and forth until a shrieking crack emanated from its core. The internal crack traveled progressively outward splitting the cells which were held together by lignin for almost a century. It finally snapped at its weakest dry rotted wood 8' above the bank. Did anyone hear it crash down into the creek? What a thunderous roar it must have made while flinging broken limbs skyward and splashing into the creek. Saddened, I paid my respects, bid "farewell" to my broken giant and paddled on.

Returning downstream, I encountered a determined redwing blackbird chasing the fastest flying green heron up and down the creek. Those redwings are tough birds.

Finally I drifted into the shady take out by the dam, and was met by two park rangers who examined my craft. They were quite impressed with its wooden take-a-part design. I thanked them for clearing that spring logjam that was impeding our paddling trips. We talked about the fishing on the creek and they mentioned some angler caught a walleye pike! I told them I would be happy to catch and release "Big Billie Bass!"

Then we swapped stories about the local wood duck family living on the creek. They had another tree to cut up and bid me "good day." As I watered down trying to cool down, my mind went back to the fallen cottonwood. For years it absorbed nutrients from other rotting leaves and old decayed fallen trees. Now it joins the understory to help other live trees absorb pollutants from the air and maintain life for all animals.

As it semi floats, still tethered to its bank, its horizontal trunk and outstretched limbs will become turtle sunning logs and fishing perches for the herons that hunt the creek.

I'll just have to find a new giant tree further upstream at which to turn back when I forget my watch! It was a good day to be on the water.

Returning a week later, with the forecast to be in the high 90s for the next four days, I wanted an "after photo" of that downed cottonwood. I shoved off early from the creek bank by the mill to beat the promised heat. The morning was sky blue bright and I was



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greeted by the pleasant sight of my favorite towering white trunked sycamore across the mirrored brown water. At least it was still standing. Next a kingfisher came flying by and I knew I was off to a good paddle upstream. With the sun cooking my back, I moved swiftly headed for the overhanging branches offering some cooling shade. By the new strainer I flushed that local senior great blue heron again.

I quickly paddled under the bridge and past the museum/old boat house and headed for my broken cottonwood just north of the island. My single use Walgreen camera was cocked and ready to fire! Taking the fast water side of the island to save time, I surprised a swimming muskrat headed toward my bow. We both stopped paddling and "Morey Muskrat" posed for his picture next to a shoreline log. A snap! A splash and he disappeared underwater.

Rounding the next bend I spotted what looked like a large dead bird hanging upside down from a tree. Quickly grabbing the binoculars and viewing it, revealed it to be a young great blue heron standing facing me with his wings stretched out for cooling, I assumed. I've seen cormorants do that to cool off, but never a heron. I suppose his parent taught him that. It was getting hot. He let me get to within 30' before he turned his back on me and started poking in the water as if he hadn't seen me. Finally he spooked upstream as I drew even closer.

When I arrived upstream I discovered him perched on my deceased and fallen cottonwood! He was using it to good advantage, spearing minnows and chewing them or just grinding something in the rear of his mouth. I snapped his picture at 30' again. I now had the "after" picture of my fallen tree which was already helping mother nature to feed birds. It was time to return.

After ramming a floating log that I didn't see on the way back, I worked up a sweat during the last 300 yards paddling directly into the sun. Arriving at the shady take out by the mill, I noticed the water wheel was now turning. It actually still mills flour for its customers.

It was another good morning on the creek. Most of the familiar birds are back and mother nature is healing after the storms.

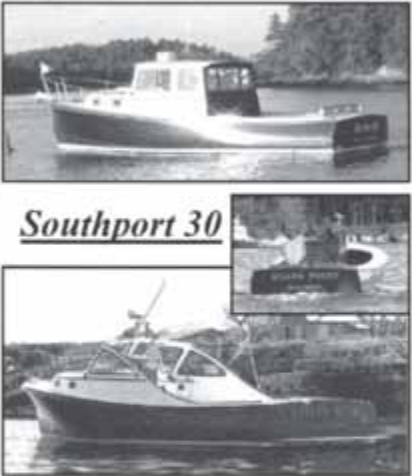
My son Mike and I are still waiting for some high fast water so that we can run the twisting lower creek below the dam.

Epilogue

We returned two weeks later after another third high water flood. Mike and I struggled against the fast water as we paddled upstream. I was curious as to what effect the latest storm had on that downed cottonwood. Because of the strong current, I was bushed when we got to the island. I sent Mike on ahead to check for the tree's whereabouts while I rested in a backwater for his return. The tree was originally located about 80 yards above the island. When he returned a half hour later he reported that the cottonwood had disappeared! He had viewed the early photos of it laying off its bank in the water and knew what to look for. Looks like that tree "went missing again." I had not seen any new debris resembling that bleached trunk downstream. Where did it go?

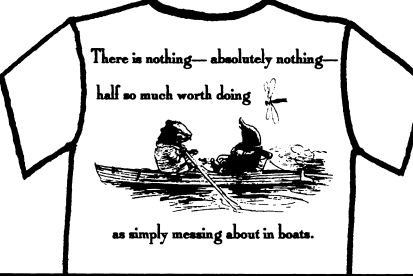
A week later we paddled up the creek again, now during low water and easy paddling. Yep! I located its small lower trunk still in place, but with only 8' sticking out of the water. The other major trunk and branches had broken loose from the lower trunk during the flood and washed 70 yards downstream, entangling into an older strainer. I recognized the white bare trunk and branches that were still sticking out of the older strainer now making a better strainer? Mike took a picture

of me next to the 8' trunk. How many floods will it take before it, too, jams against the damaged pedestrian bridge? Maybe I should follow its travel and write a story about "The Rambling Cottonwood Log!" No, I'm done chasing dead trees!

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It was mid-August when I learned about the replica bateau the Buffalo Maritime Center built for a group of Boy Scouts. The bateau was to be delivered to Great Falls, Montana. The Maritime Center's director, Mr Roger Allen, was to be the one to deliver it by truck and fly back to Buffalo.

I learned that Roger had some important meetings to attend over the weekend in regard to a new building for the Maritime Center that may become available, and he really needed to attend. I offered to deliver it for them, but I would not fly back, anywhere. I left it at that and forgot about it as I thought it would not be a very practical solution for them and they would find someone who likes flying. I soon learned I was wrong.

Later that day I was asked if I really wanted to deliver it to Montana. I said that I would do it, not necessarily wanting to. But I had to ask the lovely and talented Naomi if it would be OK to take that much time away from the daily responsibilities. Not only did she say it was OK, but she wanted to go too.

My original plan was to leave Friday morning, drive through to Great Falls and unload the boat on Sunday morning. Then I would drop off the truck Sunday afternoon, pick up the rental car and be home on Tuesday. It didn't quite work out that way. There was still some last minute work to be done on the boat Friday and Naomi had a very different set of travel ideas.

I'll spare you all the details but let's just say that Naomi is very special when it comes to a hard driving road trip. Her

A Bateau Delivery

By Greg Grundtisch

strength and stamina are simply inspirational. She never complains about fatigue, and when she gets tired she just curls up with a pillow and rests for as long as she needs and is bright and peppy and ready to keep on going with a big happy smile. She made the trip experience more "interesting" than I ever thought possible.

So we delivered the bateau to the Lewis and Clark Interpretive Center in Great Falls, on Monday, late that morning. We arrived to find some very friendly and informative staff members who showed us around and told us a little about the area. We had some time to kill as the Boy Scouts were at the State Fairgrounds having a flag ceremony for the start of the Fair the upcoming week.

Naomi took to one of the hiking trails with some newfound energy, and I got on the phone to find out when we could unload the boat. I learned that the scout leader was in search of a trailer for the bateau and would be along shortly but Wally, another scout leader, and a dozen scouts should be there in a matter of minutes. The Fairgrounds were just a short distance from us.

The scouts arrived and we introduced ourselves and showed them their new boat. Then I explained what had to be done to unload it. That's when Ray Tetreault stepped in with some amazing leadership and engi-

neering skills. If scouting teaches leadership, I hope they were paying close attention as Ray has those qualities. He cheerfully and confidently had everyone working together to get the bateau off the truck, down the ramp and on the ground. The move went very quickly, efficiently and safely. He knew just what to do and how to do it and we all had a very good time working with him. The Center is quite fortunate to have a guy like him to work with. We took some pictures of the unloading and the group that helped with it, and then we departed Great Falls to drop off the truck, pick up a rental car and began our return trip home. We got to meet some interesting people, saw some sights we had never seen before, learned a few new things and had a unique experience or two.

Since delivering the bateau I learned that the Boy Scouts not only loved the boat but also had generously donated it to the Lewis and Clark Interpretive Center. They did that, but not before doing some rowing and a bit of sailing about 80 miles down the Missouri River and back. I have had the "pleasure" of helping row one of these boats. It's hard work to row a quarter of a mile, I can't imagine 80 miles!

To read or learn more about the bateau, the Lewis and Clark Center, or the Buffalo Maritime Center, just google it and you will easily find many sources of information.

I've been asked was it all worth it? My answer, "traveling with the lovely and talented Naomi is always a new and interesting experience. You can't put a price on experience!" Happy sails!





Christmas 2005, my son-in-law Ian and daughter Leia presented me with the plans for a small pram. Now my experience upon the water as an adult has been quite limited. Ian, on the other hand, grew up on his father's sailboat near Portsmouth, England, and thought that with my experience as a carpenter and woodworker I would enjoy building a little sailboat. It took me two years to draw up the courage to begin construction and that was only out of a desire to honor the gift.

The plans were vague on details but offered that this boat could be built in as little as 20 hours for under \$300. Well, about 200 manhours and just a bit over a \$1,000 later I was applying the finish paint to her hull. My woodworking experience only seemed to slow me down as I struggled with the stitch and glue method of boat building. Learning to handle biaxial fiberglass tape, epoxy, plywood with a mind of its own, and the nomenclature of clews, wales and luffs was all time consuming and difficult. But, as my sainted grandmother used to say, "In for a penny, or you've lost money."

Fortunately, in doing some research on obtaining a sail I ran across Polysail, only to discover that the owner lived just a couple of miles from me in Fishers, Indiana. Dave Gray turned out to be a small wooden boat enthusiast of the first order, first order in both enthusiasm and experience. I'm afraid I dogged poor Dave with more than a few questions, but I did buy my gaff spritsail from him already assembled, just in time for completion of construction in 2008.

The first few outings were fraught with the normal trials. On one the epoxied reinforcement panel upon which I'd hung my gudgeons (or was that the pintles?) just fell off the transom. I went through two masts, the first, built according to plan, was too short to see under/past. The blade style rudder didn't provide much steerage so I found a kick-up design that worked better.

But I'm not relating the complete history of *Matins*, the name I christened her, rather I wish to relate one particular outing toward the end of the first summer I sailed her. I had made just a few outings prior to this one, most of which were what could only be called shakedown cruises as parts broke, rigging was worked out, etc. In August my daughter Lara, her partner Gabe and our grandson Jordan arrived from upstate New York for a visit. They had been excited about the chance to go sailing in my new boat and with great anticipation we drove up to Morse Reservoir and I dropped them at a little beach park not far from the dam while I drove *Matins* up to the marina about halfway up the lake.

Now in a word in my own defense, I have a reputation of hardly ever getting lost.

Lost at the Lake

By David Heady

My wife, Dawn, refers to me as her "Dave-Dave" after the commercial GPS "Tom-Tom" when we go adventure driving and I'm riding shotgun doing the navigation. But this would have been the first time on Morse Reservoir for me on an overcast, warm August afternoon. The marina is situated off of its access road at other than a right angle and I was so intent upon impressing my kids and grandson that I got turned around. I launched from the ramp, rigged her up and caught a light four-knot breeze from the port quarter. She glided out across the nearly still waters slowly but steadily. I reckoned that the second inlet that I could see up ahead would be where the park was. About two-thirds of the way there the wind died. It was August in central Indiana. Of course the wind died.

I struggled in the light airs, catching a whiff here, a waft there, often resorting to the oars to make any headway. Well, that second inlet wasn't it. So I rowed out back into the main body of the lake and tried the next further inlet. Upon struggling up that one I realized that the main body was getting much smaller the further I went. It was at that moment in my excitement over the opportunity to sail with my family that I realized I had headed up lake rather than toward the dam. That was also the moment that the wind decided it would rest for the day. Not a whiff of air appeared.

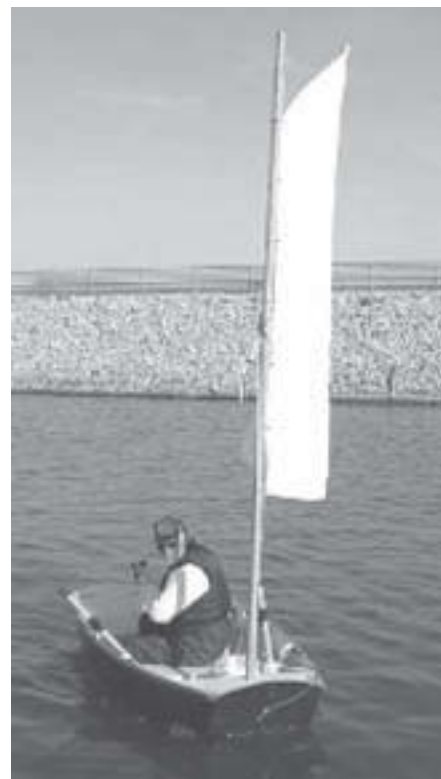
I had told the kids I'd arrive at the park where they were in about an hour. After all, the marina was only a five-minute drive. That had been noon. It was now 2:00 in the afternoon by my wrist watch and I was at the far northern end of Morse reservoir. In the muggy heat of the still August air I began rowing back toward the marina.

Meanwhile, Lara had called Dawn, worried about my no-show status. Also, I had left my Honda Element with the boat trailer at the marina, of course, and Lara had no transportation at the park. Dawn grabbed the binoculars and headed up to Morse. She picked up the kids, drove down to the marina and, joining her ancestral women waiting for their men to return from the sea, stood on the dock and scanned the lake with her binoculars. It was about 3:00 in the afternoon. She spotted me rowing slowly toward her and was relieved. She saw I was making progress if not speed and reassured the family of my safety, at least for that moment.

Meanwhile, I would row until my arms tired, then try to tease a puff into the well-made Dave Gray Polysail, only to realize

those oars had to be coaxed into propelling me once again. Another hour passed before I finally rowed up to the dock and an amused but grateful family. Since four-year-old boys don't understand situations like this, I struck the sail and rigging and Lara rowed Jordan about the marina for a bit. I was exhausted as we calculated I had rowed about two miles through the muggy August afternoon. The day has been named "The Day David was Lost at the Lake." Humility is a dish often served with gratitude and a smile.

Since that day I've built a one-sheet boat for another grandson and a lively PD Racer for Dawn. I've realized that building a boat, even with good plans, is nearly a never ending process as rudders break, rigging gets changed, and the urge to build the next boat rises like a specter through the mist across the pond.



In the early 1900s, 181 Cross St was the residence of world famous America's Cup winner Capt Charlie Barr. Then the City Island Yacht Club leased and improved the property for the next ten years, then sold it to Albert and Frieda Grant in 1926, who renamed it Grant's Boat Club.

When Frank and I joined the Club in 1956, the Grants were an elderly, childless couple now anxious to sell the Club and retire. When we purchased the premises in 1957, they explained to us that they had been strict with their customers and admonished us "not to spoil them," which we foolishly did.

Before we purchased the Club, we couldn't help notice the relationship between old time customers and the Grants. Mrs Grant, for instance, had strung a clothesline from the porch to the shed. She would put a large basket of washed, wet laundry on the deck of the porch and the first female customer to arrive would hang the wash. We arrived to go sailing one day only to see Mrs Grant's large bloomers and Mr Grant's long johns, flapping and snapping in the breeze as they dried on the clothesline. There was no way to go the shed or the ladies' room to change clothes without being confronted by the underwear of Frieda and Albert Grant! This obviously mortified and embarrassed my husband. Out of the side of his mouth (always a bad sign) he said to me, "If we buy this place that damn clothesline is the first thing to go!" Mission accomplished.

On the porch, the Grants had a long, red Coca Cola box filled with multi flavored

My City Island Years

Part 4

Purchasing Grant's Boat Club

iced sodas. At day's end they would drain out the melted ice water, letting it flow over the tongue and groove porch wood, and the next day they restocked and re-iced the soda box. It was operated on an honor system. There was a jar to hold change on a ledge above the soda box; a customer dropped his change in the jar, then helped himself to a soda.

During the process of our purchasing Grant's, I asked Mr Grant if that system worked and he said "absolutely."

"Doesn't anyone ever steal?"

"Oh yes," he said matter of factly. "Once three young brothers each stole a soda while I was sitting right next to the box." I asked him why he hadn't stopped them.

"They were good boys, but their mother refused to let them drink sodas and I thought that they should have one." In another confidential moment Frank, who was not upset about the soda stealing story but was horrified about the water draining on the expensive wood decking said, "We'll get a machine from Coca Cola, no more ice, no more ten thousand flavors and no more water rotting the wood!"

In time we came to realize that the customers adored the Grants and, for the most part, the feeling was mutual. On the day of the

contract signing, we met with the lawyers and the Grants as we became the new owners of Grant's Boat Club. When the ink was dry on our contracts, we shook hands and, expecting a happy retort, I asked Mr Grant how it felt to sell his boat club, to which he replied, "It hurts worse than you'll ever know!"

Frank and I looking over our Grant's Boat club in 1957.



Below: A 1959 view of the original ramp before we did the landfill.

Right: The original beach.



Grant's Boat Club was absolutely perfect for the IC needs of our fleet. We had beaches on both sides of our waterfront property and we owned the 500' of lands underwater, or the riparian rights. Then the Bronx taxman came by and merged our lands underwater with the uplands and gave us a horrific tax increase. Frank decided we should landfill and increase our income by making room for winter storage of 100 boats.

Once we had legal permits to landfill our property, Frank, who worked at an outside job to help pay the bills, asked me to line up some good rock fill from local Bronx excavators. They were very anxious to dump on City Island as opposed to running rock out to Jersey. Our first landfiller was Gino. He arrived on the site of our property with machinery and his little dog. Frank left instructions as to how he wanted the landfill shaped. I approached Gino and spoke to

Landfilling Moments

him for a few minutes, describing our wishes and Gino just stared blankly at me, causing me to realize that he spoke no English (and I spoke no Italian). This necessitated much hand pointing, gesturing, head shaking and occasional drawing.

Within a week Gino had the fill distributed pretty much as we wanted. When it came to shaping the end of our new property, I got someone in the Club to explain in Italian to Gino that we wanted the rock placed strategically so as to make as strong a wall as possible on the tip of our land since it would be protecting the upland against vicious northeasters. He shook his head yes and he and his little dog proceeded to take advantage of low tide to make a hill on the end of the property, which he rode up and down, positioning rock.

About this time I went into the kitchen for a sandwich and when I glanced out I saw that Gino and his machinery had disappeared! I ran to the end of the property as slack tide was ending and Gino, dog and machinery would soon be disappearing under the incoming tide. He was on his machinery waving his arms, pointing to his gas tank saying "No, no." We rushed to the gas station with jerry jugs and beat the incoming tide to the upland!

Rocks often got stuck in trucks, causing the drivers to send for backup assistance. One time a driver got too close to the property edge. As he prepared to dump his huge single rock into the water, I repeatedly yelled, "Stop! Stop!" His truck was almost over the side, a good 10' drop into the water. As he tried to dump its load, the rock got caught sideways and the front of the truck lifted off the ground

a good 4'-5'. I ran to the driver's side and yelled, "Jump, jump!" I finally realized this guy didn't understand English either. More hand gestures and finally the frightened little driver jumped. Two backup trucks arrived later to stabilize the seesawing truck.

Landfillers in those times had an obligation to fill with clean rock fill, not too much dirt, with some smaller rock to fill in the spaces between huge rock, and NO truck tires or garbage. Once when three trucks of mostly dirt arrived, I unsuccessfully tried to stop them from polluting the water. Finally I placed a call to the Inspector at Ports and Terminals and reported on my own landfill!

Today excavators don't have some of the problems recounted here, they blow up every rock into small pieces making the "big potatoes" a thing of the past.



The ultimate appearance of our waterfront.

When the landfilling was done, we had an acre of land for parking and winter boat storage. This meant that we needed a crane on wheels for the hauling jobs. Frank built a nice thick concrete platform off the protected side of our property and proceeded to purchase a crane.

I was watching from the kitchen window the day Frank had a problem with the crane's engine; he got out of the crane, ran around to the passenger side, lifted the hood to correct it, when the crane suddenly started up, already in reverse gear, with brakes unlocked, and started backing over the edge of the lot! I saw the boom of the crane head for the water, then saw Frank trying to stop the inevitable, jumping into the cab just as everything rolled over the edge! I was out the door yelling to Frank, "Jump! Jump!" Fortunately some of the rip-rap landfill held the machine in place, so that it was only partially underwater when the tide came in!

Our First Crane

Poor Frank was desolate. It was an awful sight, our new crane held in place by boulders, halfway into the water, with the hauling straps soaked every time the tide came in. All the neighbors and other City Islanders came to see this rather comical site which left Frank feeling so sad that he refused to come out of the house!

Realizing that the trauma would be over the minute the crane was back on the upland, I called all the people with heavy equipment who I knew and heard more plans to raise the crane than I care to remember. Finally I heard a plan that made sense to me. Rocky, the excavator who had landfilled our property, said, "We will bring in three pieces of large equipment, dig out your husband's thick concrete pad and make a ramp so we can approach the crane, attach cables to those big hooks on the front of your crane and walk it right back up onto the property."

"Do it," I said to the men. While they were working, a sorrowful Frank came out to survey the destruction of his concrete pad and all work stopped. Rocky approached me and said, "Ma'am, do you mind asking your husband to go back inside the house, he looks terrible, tell him you will notify him when the crane is back on the upland."

At the end of the ordeal the damage to the crane was assessed and all damaged parts to the machinery were replaced or repaired. Amazingly, nothing critical to our runaway crane had been exposed to the salt water long enough to cause damage. Minor damage was caused to the underbelly and once it was repaired Frank was finally smiling again.

I asked Frank why he had taken this accident so hard and was so devastated by it, to which he replied, "I love that ole' crane, I love it more than most people I know!" Go figure.

Elisabeth and I first became aware of Fay and Frank's Grant's Boat Club on one of our many visits to Virginia McCrae's magnificent house built beside Capt Lawlor's boatyard, which completed the arc of the beautifully curved white sandy beach interrupted in the middle with the German Kayak Club and its famous cement fuel tanker from the World War, pointing right into Beach Street.

Many years earlier than this, when I would visit Virginia as a teenager, we would switch binoculars to witness the merciless maneuvering of the ICs with their hiking boards and tiller pole steering. She explained just why so many students underwent such grueling hardships to learn to sail the famous International Decked Sailing Canoe (IC) sloops. They were without a doubt two dimensional seafaring birds on the wing who must, like all birds, gain their sea wings by trial and failure. By the time I could explain this masochistic mystery to my Elisabeth, we'd found ourselves living in a small bungalow near St Mary's, only a walk away from Frank and Fay at low tide.

We had traded a terribly inept catboat to a dear friend of theirs for an open cockpit racehorse of a sailboat. It was made in the same molded plywood manner as their beautiful one-man ICs that were lovingly stored after each sailing foray by a small group of super sailors who we will never see the likes

Ruminations

By Mark Whitcombe



of again on City Island. Better seamen than I could write this history that I was privileged to be a small part of, but we should never forget the extraordinary history of Frank and Fay who so lovingly kept this history going as long as this changing island allowed.

As much sailing as Elisabeth and I experienced before encountering the extraordinary cast of characters and champions who sailed away from the end of Cross Street's entrance to the sea, we could never learn as much about sailing as displayed by this group.

However, from their camaraderie and free exchange of ideas, political, artistic and worldly, led by the charisma and care of the Jordaens, I cannot count the amount of art work inspired by the unforgettable, almost Samoan freedom that quietly dominated that beautiful northern stretch of the City Island shore. Yet it was subject to both the titanic northeastern storm savagery that could go on for a merciless three days, followed by almost religiously calm sunrises that always helped us change our timidity to joy!

Elisabeth and I will always remember our 11 years bringing up our little daughter Ali there and our friendships, along with all of Ali's friends, which unquestionably was graced by the center of Grant's presence. With love to Frank, Fay and all of those great sailors!



In the Good Old Days Part II

By Len Wingfield
Reprinted from Dinghy
Cruising Journal of the
Dinghy Cruising Association (UK)

(Nostalgic reminisces. Still learning the hard way, then my own boat at last)

I was desperate to sail but there were few opportunities. It was possible to hire sailing boats on Regent's Park Lake in London, but if there was any wind they were usually all out. Eventually I got lucky and found one ready at the landing stage with its gunter sail set. I paid my money, got in and happily sailed around in various directions. However, I finished up by sailing into a tiny bay without having the skill to short tack out and eventually got blown against some bushes and tore the ancient sail. My deposit of ten shillings was forfeit but I was quite content, I had learned a lot.

The next opportunity was at Itchenor, where Haines Yard hired out 16' traditional wooden gaffers. Finding one available, I paid up and was rowed out by a surly youth and left to get on with it. No lifejacket was provided. I raised the sail, noticing that the new sisal main sheet was too stiff to run through

the iron block properly. However, there was hardly any wind and I was desperate to start sailing, so I cast off.

As I drifted upstream I passed an old longshoreman who assured me that the wind would come up with the flood. I couldn't see how wind and tide were connected because I didn't realize then that the old seaman thought in terms of tide state rather than clock time, the sea breeze would develop at about 11am which would be the time the flood would reach us. I was drifting along with bare steerage way when sure enough, around 11am the sea breeze started to set in.

All of a sudden there was a savage gust from astern and the boat heeled over. I immediately released the sheet but the stiff sisal jammed in the block. I released the tiller but she still wouldn't round up and continued to go over. I even got over the side on to the centreplate but I still couldn't right her. I was left standing on it with the boat capsized at some 50°, looking a complete idiot, especially as the wind had immediately died down to an easy breeze. Eventually a couple came by in a sailing dinghy. I swam out to them and was hauled aboard. Sailing back against the wind in wet clothes to Itchenor I became slightly hypothermic, staggering ashore and forgetting to thank my kind rescuers.

The next time worked out well. We had booked a week on an ex-schooner houseboat at Burnham on Crouch and an old 10' gaff sailing dinghy came with it. We were only afloat for about two hours at high water but I enjoyed sailing the little boat up and down the estuary on one occasion with my wife and little Ed as passengers. Kapok lifejackets were supplied with the houseboat and we were meticulous about little Ed wearing one when on deck.

We thought we had taken all the safety precautions and were relaxing below at low water when there was a shrill scream. We dashed up to find that Ed had been fishing for crabs in the dribble of water under the boat, had leaned over too far and fallen on the rocky foreshore and broken his arm. We had to load him into our motorcycle combi-

nation and drive him in the dark through narrow lanes to Chelmsford Hospital. In spite of that it was a happy holiday!

A year or so later the Austin A30 800cc van came out. A cracking little vehicle at an affordable price, extra low geared and with extra wide tyres. I bought one, bolted a length of angle iron to the rear bumper with a hole for a towing pin and built a trailer from old car wheels with a wooden frame. Now I could get a boat of my own!

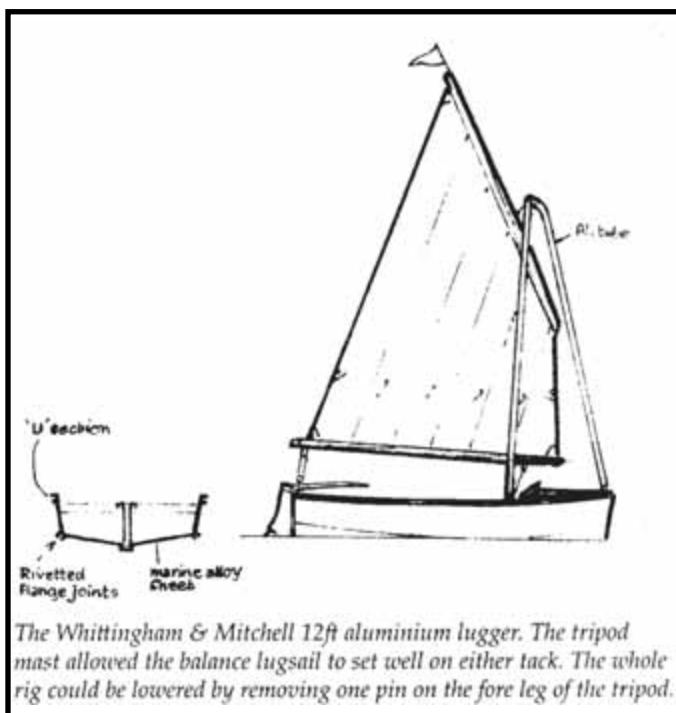
I had read Geoffrey Nightingale's book (sadly now missing from the DCA library) in which he enthused about his 12' lug rigged aluminium dinghy, so when I found one for sale secondhand I promptly bought it. The boat was hard chine with riveted flanges out turned at the chine, with an 80sf balanced lugsail on a tripod mast. The tripod mast enabled the sail to set well on either tack.

The boat was light in weight and stable. I never thought about a capsize and never reefed. Also, it needed no maintenance. With its worn cotton sail, its performance was about equal to a Heron dinghy tuned up for racing. With it I happily cruised the Medway Estuary and Chichester Harbour, sometimes with my wife and two sons and camping gear.

However, I was sailing mostly on the Thames in Twickenham where windward performance in light airs was at a premium, so I eventually graduated to an Enterprise which I sometimes camp cruised with kids.

Further boats included Solos (which are docile when reefed and row well), an 18' Dragonfly (which I cruised singlehanded to France), 11' Gulls and a 16' Tricom fast dinghy with a two berth cuddy. All these were happily towed by the 800cc van.

When my younger son was 15 and likely to kill himself on some illegal motorbike, we bought him instead an old 11 Plus dinghy. In it he camp cruised with an equally clueless friend, *Swallows and Amazons* style. (It wasn't so much 'better dead than duffers,' but better to fall in the water at 4mph than hitting a lamp post at 60!) But all this was before I discovered the DCA in 1982. I would have learned so much more about dinghy cruising.



To get the marrow out of yachting requires leisure, patience and money. In boats there is a wide liberty of choice, and type and rig are always a question of intention. An ideal cruiser may be built and, so far as the inexact science of naval architecture permits, a capital racer be designed, but the best qualities of both can never be combined, because of the compromises required by extreme development in any single direction.

Then, too, the environment of the yachtsman limits his liberty as much, perhaps, as his theory of the sport. He may elect to cruise or to race, to take his outing within our peaceful waters or off stormier coasts. He may be bitten by the tarantula of matches, be possessed of the fury of mug hunting. There are owners, generally elder brethren of the guild, who distill their sailing elixir from sedate puttering coastwise.

These are eager only for fine weather, night anchorages and capable stewards. These are content to skim blue waters peacefully and to gain occasional cups or sweepstakes in amiable contests with a similar, easygoing ships. Others struggle till they bleed by the seven veins for prizes and squadron trophies, and when the cruise is done and the mug has escaped them, they diminish their rigs from clew to earring and for the fag end of the season seek consolation in waters eastward.

But whatever you may do, be sure that the best possibilities of yachting are found mainly in such boats of a good size that have not had their safety and comfort sacrificed to speed. For all around pleasure the usual small boat is no better than a harness cask, but if the yachtsman has had sea training or has been long enough on the water to accept its moods, its wiles and tricks with philosophy, he can get out of small deep boats a world of profitable enjoyment. For these unite comfort, safety and speed in a high degree, and when properly handled return a very great deal for the money expended.

If, however, the yachtsman pins his faith to a type which is more nearly American in essential ideas, he will find that a well found ship costs much to build, more to keep going and, when no longer wanted, sells for a song. The leisure of a man really fond of the water and embarked for pleasure ought to be unvexed, abundant, a holiday, free from discordant interruptions, independent of wind and tide, careless of calm and current drifting him miles to leeward of his port.

His patience must smile life's little miseries afloat into the limbo of indifference, must be such as blinks at impositions with the blindness of angels. And the money! Ah! The coin of the realm. Put money in your purse sweet sirs, put money in your purse when you go a yachting. It cannot be little nor doled grudgingly, it may be like purse of Fortunatus and flow as freely as the waters of the salt sea.

A horse may or may not eat his head off in a year but, like the torch bearing Arab and his brothers, a yacht can bolt itself from truck to keelson, from knighthood to stern post in a season. Time happily was when regattas and cruises were shared by men able to spend every summer a far reaching thousand dollars or two, but those were the days of wampum and civic crudeness and such chances linger no more in the nest of yachting years.

There are men of idleness, wise and wary in experience, with treasures not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door, who sail the year around or, in their hardest

The Social Side of Yachting

By J.D. Jerrold Kelley, USN
Reprinted from
Harper's New Monthly Magazine
June, 1890

Submitted by Dick Winslow



luck, for many days in every season. But these are the masters, the illuminati, theirs is genius and this a gift coming by the light of nature and with its magic sealed save to the adept. I wonder how they do it so well, so gracefully!

Others, mainly of the catboat and jib and mainsail class who have neither time nor coin to spare, steal afloat on rare holidays, whitening our bays and rivers with shining sails. Plate and pewter trophies of victory burden their sideboards, they enter and capsize in every regatta from the Capes of Delaware to Portland Bay and no Admiral of the Blue dares on occasion to be half so nautical in garb and lingo as these are normally. But scoff as they may, theirs are not the joys, theirs are the kicks and not the ha'pence of the sport.

Their fun, riotous in sunshine and soldiers' breezes, is gruesome when dreary and dripping days send their little crafts shivering shoreward with hatches clapped too tightly. They know the conveniences of a howling cowboy, they endure trials under which St Simon of the Pillar succumbed. The sunshine must be hoarded 'til its sweetness is extracted to the latest sip, their calendars are white or black as waters are smooth or rough.

If their pleasure be taken in a single hander they are unhappy for at the best it is dull work sailing alone, and if they are gregarious, what could be more dispiriting than cruising with a free company, knowing no leader, living in quarters as crowded and bilgy as a slaver's hold and at the bitter end bickering like buccaneers over the shot and reckoning.

From the beginning yachting has been a diversion of those known favorably by bankers and "favored with the friendship of the nobility and gentry." Of course, like other amusements it has grown more expensive year by year and more is the pity of it.

In England it has always found favor with the very rich, from the days when Phineas Pett, master designer, filched the idea from Holland and built, in 1604, for Henry, Prince of Wales, the first recorded pleasure craft. Pepys and Evelyn tell how royalty encouraged it. "By Water to Woolwich" writes the former, "and saw the yacht lately built with the help of Commissioner Pett. Set out from Greenwich with the little Dutch Bezauf to try for the mastery and before they got to Woolwich the Dutch beat them half a mile, and I hear this afternoon on coming home it got before three miles, which all our people are glad of."

This Bezauf was the *Mary*, a yacht given to King Charles by the Dutch East India Company. Evelyn describes the first Corinthian race, a match for 100, between the King and his brother, that scurvy sailor, the Duke of York. The course was from Greenwich to Gravesend and the King "lost it going, but saved stakes returning, sometimes steering himself, his Majesty being aboard with divers noble persons and lords. Mark this, the noble company. That has not changed at any rate. Like the King, an owner never lacks for divers noble persons, lords or commoners. Even in our days no one need be lonesome on a yacht."



The owner and his friend.

And this is fortunate, otherwise what a world of engaging qualities would moulder for lack of fruitful gardening, for dearth of sunshine, dew and air! A hundred varied but excellent motives, called into activity by this giving and taking of hospitality,

expand the owner's heart, crowd his quarters and encourage into lively growth the accomplishments of his guests. What an audience for the storyteller! What a fallow field for the chestnut planter, for the banjo picker, for the singer who is high proof against night air, fogs, encores and commissariat!

What a lucky dog is the friend of an owner. How ornamental or uselessly useful he can be! And, luckiest of all, the favored one, ready with quips and quaint fancies, who hears the gentleman paying the rent say, with effusion, "There, old man, there is your card clinched over the best stateroom door. Whenever you sail with me, out goes the occupant, whoever he may be, and we'll all have a drink on it now. Steward, bring glasses!"

Ah! Benign indeed is the star of such a being, and I do not know but I had better begin again and say that the choicest possibilities of yachting are given only to those who can bring to it leisure, patience and some other fellow's boat and money.

The yachting season opens upon Decoration Day and the regattas run well into June. Mindless of the uncertain winds and balmy skies of this month, the clubs urge their cracks into a spin, or quite often leave them to drift around an inside course.

The events are always interesting at the start and have a sentimental value because each year introduces the rosebud craft, if I may borrow this poetic adjective from the chroniclers of society small beer. Enthusiastic friends of both sexes crowd the club steamers to the guards and should the race be finished between luncheon and dinner, applaud the victors with joy as boundless and with hearts as free as the blue sea so carefully avoided.

After this dress parade is over, nothing official bothers the yachtsman, and he may steam or sail or lie at anchor as his fancy wills. But as soon as late July and early August shut down the throttle of trade and give ease for repairs and oiling the machinery of money spinning, the clubs are summoned to a rendezvous for the annual cruise. This meeting is always appointed for some central harbor, the clubs about New York usually selecting one of the pleasant roadsteads indenting the Long Island or Connecticut shores.

When the day comes, the yachts already assembled await eagerly the arrival of the Commodore, for custom demands that he should find his squadron gathered. Just before sunset, rarely later, the black hull with the blue flag at the main rounds the ledge buoy at the river's mouth and steams sturdily for the anchorage. Off the lighthouse she is slowed, later stopped, then backed, and just as sternboard is making, the engines wheeze into silence, the anchor, with sullen plunge, drops bodily, shank and ring, from the cat-head and the water about the forefoot whitens into spray and foam.

Slowly she slips astern in spite of the rattling and clinking of her straightening chain and at last brings up with a jerk that tauntens the cable viciously from shackle to hawsepipe. The lower booms swing out to the cheery piping of a bos'n's whistle and are squared, lift and guy, with a nicely dividing west and sou'west sides, a jet of smoke darts from the starboard gunport, a resounding echo grumbles hillward and, as the Commodore makes his finest bow from the bridge, the world may know the tryst has been kept and the mating of flag and pennant has been saluted decorously.

Then the expected, the inevitable follows. It is a sulphurous, brain cracking pan-demonium. Yachts, big and little, steamers, schooners, sloops and cutters bang to starboard and to port, bang ahead, to windward and to lee and with a welcoming fusillade that drives all the joy out of life, all the peace from sea and shore. Smoke, choking fumes, the misery of villainous saltpetre, of heart breaking clamor, are everywhere.

Powder clouds, flame slitted, roll upon the water, and soar 'til a silvery eclipse shuts out the hulls and spars, and even "the topmast truck, where flew the burgee with the field of blue," as the fo'c'sle poet tunelessly sings. The green shores, the river, the beacons ledges and buoyed reefs, the lighthouse on the spit, the summer homes, the dull dead seaport, all slip helplessly into the Powder Fog and for a time are lost on a Grand Bank of its making.

After the Commodore returns the salute with his port gun, the vapor blows down the wind and the hulls, mainly black and white, with always a touch of gold and the shine of brightwork somewhere, emerge from the gray after-haze. The ensigns flap into distinctness of color, the tracery of gear and spars is silhouetted against the greenery ashore and the squadron drifts against the blue above and floats double, swan and shadow, in the blue below.

You may count this gentleman's park of masts intershot with steamers' funnels until your eyes and fingers can no longer reckon, and you will not enumerate the half of it. You will, perhaps, be lost in profitable reverie when you come to measure what these hundred and odd boats represent, for they are the files of a small battalion in the army of workers that have conquered the material. They mean fruitful energy, luck nearly always, often victory over tremendous odds.

Here are ripened the luxuries which we all think we deserve as well as our neighbor and could enjoy so much better. Here is the outward evidence of ease and freedom, of plenty in a world where most of us have to fight so hard for other things than cakes and ale and ginger hot in the mouth, too.

It is the luxury of life open to the admeasurement of all and with the merit that, though it may be hedged in, it cannot be debased by money. Amateurs must always control it, it will ever be the one sport into which professionalism has not been injected as the main interest and purpose. And this is because it comes from the sea. With all its exclusiveness to touch, it is the least selfish of amusements. No jealous framing hides the picture, no surly keeper guards the wicket.

It lies before you freely and openly as if ordered for your pleasure, it can be seen without asking. For long distances up and down the reaches of the river the spars can be traced, and near the centre, off the landing, the flagship shepherds her flock. From the upper harbor to the ugly turn at the reef near the haven's mouth, the Squadron rides to the tide in no order save such as prudence demands, and in the flooding sunlight you can mark its outer limits, the southward van guarded by the shining hull of a famous steamer.

Clear of the channelway the royal masts of a sloop of war tower above the loftiest of the pleasure craft, and just before sunset her bugles sound the call for Retreat. The yachtsmen stand by ensigns and stay lanterns as the clear notes ring musically. Flags sink slowly and white lights glimmer like glowworms against the rosy skies.



Eight bells, colors.

The breeze cools the sun-warmed sweet scented air, the shadows deepen in the greenery on the land and the tide, shooting arrow wise from cable and cutwater, ripples aft with a song to the streaming wake. There is a promise of festivity in the twilight, smoke curls from forecandle stove and galley funnel, echoes of quickening hospitality ebb and flow from neighboring boats, visits are made and invitations are shouted over the water until, at last, the poetry of the enfolding dusk quiets the merriment of the visiting yachtsmen.

But the silence is broken by a cheering hail from below, "On deck there! You sailormen, alleged and otherwise! How would a cocktail, only one, only a little one, how would it go, just now?"

How would it go? The chorus is unanimous.

In smooth water on shipboard you are always hungry, if not thirsty, for every condition sharpens the edge of expectant appetite. Under the awning, or from deck or cockpit, you see cabins shining in the wide circle of shaded lamps and tables gleaming with glass and silver. Nimble stewards back and fill from galley to pantry and tack and wear from starboard to port, and from port to sherry, or to something else, and with ears attuned to liquid harmonies you hear from mysterious recesses the "cloop" of corks yielding their treasures with expiring song.

It is a brave, a bustling hour, for lamps are trimmed and boards are spread, and as afterglow leaves the river and the skies are a glory of stars, the fleet is mantled in silence and agleam with lights streaming from deck-house windows and open air ports. If you are wise, you are merry with the promise of the moment and rejoicing in these signs and portents of the feast, resolve to go ashore no more.

One of the questions asked most frequently, usually out of pure idleness, is, "What does all this cost?" The answer is necessarily indirect and vague. In the beginning of things a yacht is always an expression of its owner's individuality, a witness to his

opportunities. Between any two boats, even those equipped and sailed under similar possibilities, sharper contrasts exist than within the same owner's homes ashore.



Dinner in the cabin.

The element of cost must always, therefore, be an individual question, and the problem can be solved only by an appeal in each instance to the one person who is in possession of the facts. An outsider may hit and miss all around it, hitting perhaps rather closely in the widely divergent cases of boats sailed either with an absurd bung and spigot lavishness or with a farcical meanness.

The first cost of a craft, the number of her crew, their wages, rations and uniforms, the probable repairs, insurance, interest and annual depreciation, the length of the season, all these factors may be treated intelligently. But who can weigh the personal elements, the temperament of the owner, his scale of living, the extent of his hospitality, the honesty of his servants, the watchfulness exercised, the work to be done, for racing costs more than cruising?

Here at anchor, for example, are two steamers, one a family ship, the other the cruiser of a bachelor, both belong to the very highest class, first-rate and well found, and are fit for service in any navigable waters of the world. The annual expenditures are very great, but the returns in comfort and amusement must justify them, for both boats are nearly always in commission.

The former has on deck three steel houses, teak sheathed and mahogany lined, in the forward one is a smoking room, furnished with divans and tables and so framed with plate glass windows as to give an uninterrupted view ahead and on each beam. Aft this are a chart room and cabin kitchen, between which a vestibule and carved oak stairway lead below to the saloon and owner's quarters.

The saloon is 31' wide and 18' long, its floor is a mosaic of hardwoods and the sides and ceiling are wainscoted and paneled with polished native woods and finished in an enamel of white and gold. A carved mantel and fireplace face the entrance, overhead is a domed skylight and in every available spot rugs, tapestries, pictures, cabinets. Lamps and the hundred and one accessories of the most opulent homes accentuate the warmth of color.

Forward of this are eight staterooms, built of cherry and walnut picked out in white and gold and furnished with rugs and tapestries. Each has a hand-carved bed, dressing table, chiffonier and wardrobe. In the floor a porcelain bath is let so deftly that the trap can scarcely be seen, even when the rug is removed. In a corner a Scotch

marble basin is supplied with hot, cold and salt water. Electric bells and incandescent lamps are at command and through a white rimmed, polished air port a cheering measure of sea and sky is secured.

A nursery 19' long and 11' in width completes the owner's special quarters. In this well ventilated anomaly on shipboard a child's berth is built four feet from the floor. Beneath this, sliding snugly outboard in the daytime, is a nurse's bed, this can be extended to such a distance at night that should the child be thrown out in bad weather by a lurch or roll, it will land safely on the mattress below or upon its attendant, who is presumably a cheerfully elastic person.



Interviewing the cook.

A scuttle in the pantry gives access to the storerooms, wet and dry, to the ice locker and to the apparatus for making artificial ice. A separate stairway connects the pantry with the kitchen above, which may be called "hygienic" as it is in every sense on the roof. These quarters, with the linen closets, clothes lockers, toilet rooms and a glass armory, occupy the space in the centre of the ship between the first watertight compartment, where the crew live in downy ease, and the forward bulkhead of the boiler room where the coal heavers and firemen smoke surreptitiously the soothing but penetrating black 'bacey.

A passageway, recessed and upholstered at one point to give a view of the machinery, leads aft to a library fitted and furnished as luxuriously as the saloon. Aft this are seven staterooms for guests, no whit less perfectly appointed than those of the family and with a separate companionway. In the after house on deck is a ladies' saloon and a fair weather stateroom for the owner, and from it a stairway leads to the library. This vessel cruises at home and abroad and carries a crew of 50. Her cost was \$300,000 and the annual expenditure amounts to \$100,000.

In the second steamer, the smoking room is of oak, the wainscoting and ceiling are built of artistically paneled mahogany and the furniture is upholstered in olive green plush. Heavy plate glass windows give a view halfway around the horizon, and if any one knows a better place to smoke a cigar at anchor or underway, let him stand and deliver.

Aft this is the chart room, flanked by a carved stairway leading below. In the saloon, brass chandeliers decorated in the Persian style, hang clear of a skylight colored in harmony with the general treatment. The mantel, paneled in carved old English oak, is supported by dolphins and the nickel grate is filled in a recess tiled with blue and silver. The beveled glass doors of the bookcase flame with prismatic colors; the wainscoting is sheathed with mahogany and cherry and the walls are of dark blue lincrusta, figured into squares and ornamented and intertwined by golden thistles.

The ceiling is tinted ocean blue with all manner of odd marine animals "swimming about in this immovable sea with trailing golden wakes," as the reporter from whom I borrow the description joyfully records. Every nook and corner is crowded with the artistic fruits of taste, travel and money. A carved cherry bedstead, chiffonier, wardrobe and washstand form the permanent furniture of the owner's room, its walls are covered with flowered chintz and the door is paneled and fitted with mirrors.

In the ladies' saloon forward the wainscoting is molded into squares and the sides are draped with cretonne, beveled mirrors are let into the doors and cabinets and there are crystal chandeliers in bronze framings and brass side lamps fitted for use with oil or electricity. The floor is laid in highly polished hardwoods and in an angle stands an upright piano, framed and carved in harmony with the other furniture of the room. The crew have comfortable quarters forward, number over 50 and are given employment the year around.

These slight sketches of the living quarters faintly outline the luxury of these vessels, and though the larger ships offer better possibilities, in all yachts it is found to definite degree. No very vivid imagination is required to picture what the living up to this particular blue china must cost, though it can be described in a general way only and from the data open to everybody.

One authority in a position to know states that for a season of five months a steam launch 40' to 50' in length imposes an outlay of \$2,500, a steamer from 75' to 100' in length will cost about \$10,000 and one slightly larger with flush decks no less than \$11,000. In the big steamers, with crews varying from 30 to 50 men, the monthly expenditure varies from \$6,000 to \$12,000, and in two yachts of this kind described by another writer, who gave the details, the annual cost was figured at \$150,000 each. In an isolated instance where a steamer made a voyage around the world, the expense for the five months' cruise was said to have been something over \$50,000.

Leaving these extreme cases, and taking as a fair basis steamers belonging to the class which includes vessels measuring from 75' to 100', we get the following fixed charges: monthly wages, fireman, cook, steward, three deck hands, engineer and pilot, \$380; coal, \$200; repairs, deck stores, engine room supplies, uniforms, \$540; mess, \$380; commissioning and laying up, \$2,500; total for five months, \$10,000. If to this you added what it costs for the cabin outfit, without the delusion that you are saving so much on your shore expenses, for in the long run you never do, it will be seen that it costs a pretty penny for the sport.

There is not a very great difference, save for coal, in the running expenses of a steamer and a sailing craft. Indeed, on similar displacements the larger schooners often cost more to keep up. So far as the smaller schooners and sloops go, it is an axiom that you always spend more than you have allowed. One owner of a sloop, whose experience is not exceptional, confesses that when he had built his ship for \$10,000 he hoped to get her into the water for \$5,000 more, but by the time sails were bent and she was ready to cruise, his total expenditures had reached \$16,500.

His first season cost him \$8,000 more, but from his own accounts it is easy to see the cabin was run carelessly and too lavishly for comfort. In the next year he had his yacht hauled out by the shipbuilder for an examination, and though the sailing master had taken good care of her, his bill for a spike here and a graving piece there was nearly \$1,000. A new mainsail and other sail making jobs cost another \$1,000, and before he got the rigger out of the boat there was a hand spike and serving mallet account of \$200. Altogether he found his running expenses for the second season, in a boat under 65' on the waterline, averaged \$50 per day, and it must be added that he was not Johnny Raw.

But be the expense what it may, black care is thrown to the cats and no death's head jibbers and grins at any feast tonight. The worries of the day are whistled down the wind and all hands are too busy with the play of knife and fork and clinking cup to heed the reckoning. These dinners always have a zest of their own, a flavor of the unusual, due to the novelty of the scene, the appetite and the unconfined joy of the loose sailor togs, for it is heresy to doff these save when dining with the Commodore or when it is tacitly understood to be required on a few of the larger boats. The proverb that racing men never dress for dinner is found so profitable by the cruisers as to make the custom practically general.

When you go on deck for the coffee and cigars and the chasse which, as Voltaire said of Admiral Byng's shooting, is to encourage the others, lights are twinkling everywhere. As soon as the darkness has fully shrouded the water, the sky is suddenly aflame with a signal flare and in a moment Roman candles and port fires flame and whiz from decks and rigging and Chinese lanterns festoon gear and hulls.

An electric arch spans the flagship from stem to stern post, the night is ablaze and here and there through the bright coloring of swinging lanterns the sharp scintillations of arc and incandescent lamps punctuate the illuminated page with points of silvery white. A thousand reflections shimmer in the water and from the shores, as the wind serves, the music of a band drifts over the tideway. "No use ship keeping," cries the captain, cheerily. "I must report on board the flag ship, but take the boat and strike the beach the rest of you."

Orders from the flagship.



The beams of a search light make a broad cone about the gangway as the captains go alongside in their trim gigs. Here each is received with the etiquette due his uniform, and after the meeting is called to order the details of the races are discussed and the programme of the cruise is defined and accepted. One can readily see that the majority of the owners are men of affairs, generally in the prime of manhood, with a few youngsters here and there, and others, too, ruddy and strong in the youth of old age.

A few belong to our leisure class, some who cruise the year around and others who go in for it, as the phrase is, during the summer months. Here also are yachtsmen, not many, but enough to swear by, who have won their license of the sea by runs across the Atlantic in snow and ice and killing chill, when the devil was chasing Tom Coxie up one hatchway and down another and angry gales were hurling green seas high above the futtocks of the fore.

When the meeting is ended the Commodore entertains the captains until midnight, though some of the owners leave early to join their guests viewing the illumination from the shore. In the old days a ball was always given at the hotel on the night of the rendezvous, but as men dance so little and under such protest in these degenerate times, all that has been changed. The verandas and lawns are crowded and each one of the host of beautiful women is willing to admit that never before could there have been such a squadron, such an illumination, such yachtsmen.



Naiads.

After the lights have died out and the chaperons have hoisted a final signal for their fair convoys to slip their moorings and make sail for home, gigs are manned and with echoing strokes pulled regretfully to the anchorage. The general noises of the squadron have softened into a murmur and the lights have lessened in cabin and fore-castle. The stars look so bright, so near on these nights, and seem to shine in myriads

never known before, and behind the trees a waning moon is dipping. At times the quietness is broken tunelessly by the picking of a banjo and mellowed by distances you hear the refrain of a jolly sea song, as you pass under the stern of neighboring boats you get a cheery greeting out of the shadows and from behind the friendly blaze of cigars.

The night is too beautiful for sleeping and you lounge on deck for a while smoking a soothing weed. But after a bit, when you have slipped into pajamas and drained a nightcap to clear the fog and ban bad weather, a gentle drowsiness steals upon you, and when eight bells ring out with silvery notes you are sleeping the dreamless sleep of childhood in a cradle rocked by wind and wave.



The nightcap.

Bright and early the next morning you are awakened by the working of the pump, the dashing of water and the swishing of brooms overhead. Through the air ports steal the cool fresh breeze and the light of skies shifting from gray to blue and gold. Tumbling out, you go on deck, have a look at wind and weather and at hands washing down and then hauling on bathing trunks fling yourself overboard on that perfect plunge which makes a new man of you.

An early bath.



As the start is to be an early one, everybody is astir, and by the time coffee is finished and you are on deck again, many of the eager ones are making sail and shortening cables and others have already taken up a position near the starting point. After a while the flagship and accompanying boat drop anchor at either end of an imaginary line and then, aided by a valorous banging of guns and a brave display of signal flags, all the yachts cross over the border in due order and precedence and hot foot for a competition where only a few laggards are dragging a penalty allowance behind.

A rare sight this, when the morning is fair and breezy. Ahead, stretching in great wings and irregularly, now a mass of gleaming canvases, here a group struggling as if hand to hand in battle to death, and there with open water on both sides, the sloops and cutters rush for the distant verge. Next, like fairy argosies, dart over the welcoming waves the great sloops built to defend the Cup, nothing fairer, nothing truer to eye nor keener to breeze anywhere in any sea. Then sweep the stately schooners, standing up to their work like mitre bishops, every thread of canvas drawing to tense stretch, the weather shrouds as taut as harp strings, the wind singing cheerily through the gear, and the blue water whitening into wedding blossoms at the bow and caroling far astern in a flowery maze of bubbling foam.

The land slips by, the smooth waters of the Sound merge into Atlantic billows, the skies are blue and steel, the sun shines warmly, climbs high, and just as you can see it over the foreyard of a big steamer, seven bells (who will be the poet of that chime?) ring warningly and, with due ceremony, the sacrifice ordained is made, the libation poured.



Seven bells, cocktails.

What the origin of this sacred custom, no one knows, but it is ordered and provided for in the sea law of all nations and is to be denied under the direst punishment.

The fleetest rush to the van, the dull and careless drop astern, but matter, for to clipper ahead and drogher behind the scene unfolds each moment a beautiful panorama, gives anew that most perfect of pictures, "a ship sailing upon the water." When you come on deck from luncheon, schooners, sloops, and cutters are intermingled, but if your luck has been good you are at least in the thick and middle of the fight and can note the eagerness, the intelligence, the watchfulness exercised in the race for supremacy.

By and by gray rocks seamed with yellow and green, glint in the sunshine, a light-



Corinthian crew hauling aft the mainsheet.

ship rocks in the vexed eddies off the reef, the flagship sweeps to the forefront at her best speed and soon a gun rings out as the leader dashes over the line amid the cheers of the hundreds gathered to greet her.

Within a day or two the great Cup races are sailed and, so that all may see them, the Commodore invites the yachtsmen not competing and their guests to go over the outside course. When the last event has been decided, a night reception is given on the flagship to the squadron and here at its full flood surges the social life of the cruise. It is everything that such an affair is on shore, multiplied and intensified by the inherent possibilities of the scene.

And what a picture of pleasure it makes! The brilliant costumes, the beautiful illuminations, the music, the view afloat where hundreds of lanterns are swinging in the roadstead and the vistas ashore where the lights circle the beaches and climb hillward, the cool breezes, salt with the flavor of thousands of ocean miles bearing them to the harbor's gates, the splashing of tides, the murmur of happy voices, well, after all, nothing brings us so near fairyland as a ship, a summer night, a gentle breeze and the ripples of distant music.

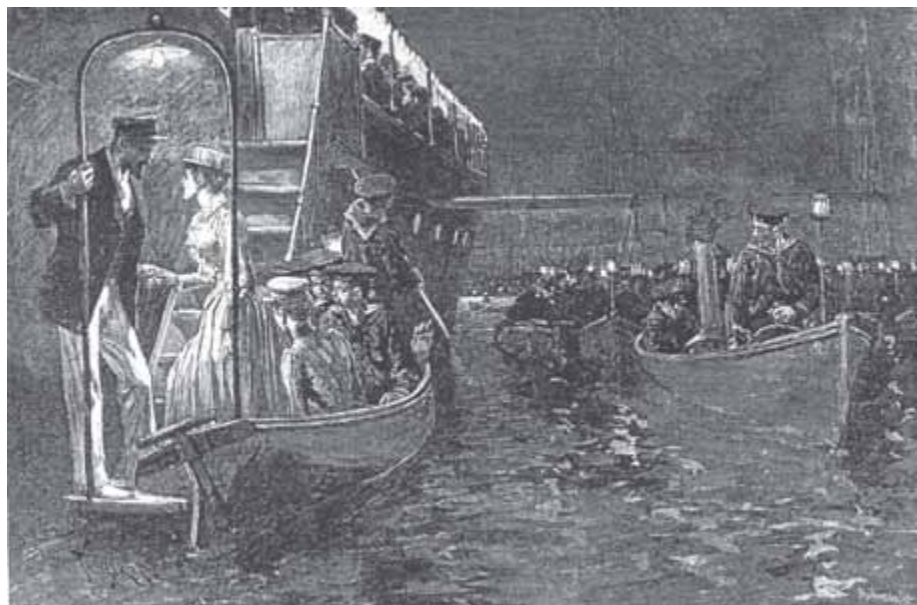
mer night, a gentle breeze and the ripples of distant music.

Somewhat diminished in number, the squadron goes eastward, stopping at one or two hospitable ports where balls ashore and receptions on board break the monotony of sailing. Then it returns westward and after the gigs, dinghies and launches compete for the traditional prizes of the clubs, the captains assemble for the last time on the flagship, the vote of thanks to the Commodore is passed and with another fusillade, the cruise is ended.



Visiting.

Reception on the flagship.



Of all the mornings in the year give me a glorious sunrise in the month of August when old Sol, rising from his slumbers with his red face, disperses the heavy mists which hang over cornfields and river. I am only an old country dominie but, unfortunately, I still possess the happy knack of transforming myself into a boy, with all a boy's feelings, and of enjoying with keen zest the games indulged in nearly 30 years ago on the eastern slopes of the Pennine Chain.

Last year I had a few days to spare, and having by me a canvas canoe built by an old school pupil, strictly upon the lines set forth in an issue of the Boy's Own Paper some few years ago (see "Traveling Canoe", MAIB Sept. 2011. ED), I determined to have an outing on the willowy Ouse.

Of course, I wanted an outfit. It was soon and easily provided. A well-worn blue serge suit, a flannel shirt, a pair of socks and strong laced-up boots, with a large military Inverness waterproof, formed the whole of my wardrobe. In addition, I carried two canvasses, 20"x12", and a stock of brushes and oil colours. A very portable and light easel completed the outfit as far as the art department was concerned.

Anticipating some sport, I put on board a small bore single barrelled fowling piece by Lewis with some two dozen Eley's cartridges. A little money and a small roach rod with tackle completed the whole of my stores. On Monday morning at five o'clock I was astrir and, carrying down my precious possessions to the bridge below Kempston Mill, embarked. The canoe rode as easily as a feather, and passing through the delightful Hill Grounds, the rendezvous of all Bedfordians.

I paddled to Honey Hills, a place known throughout Bedfordshire as the resort of the rural tripper. Here I eased and, going ashore, had a delightful few minutes' chat with some enthusiastic bream fishers who, during the night, had had several marvelous "takes," some of the fish approaching in size the well known domestic bellows. I enquired as to the probable forthcoming state of the weather and was reassuringly told by an old grizzled veteran that I could easily get to the Wash without any other wetting than came from below.

Bidding my quondam friends adieu, I paddled slowly past Howard's Agricultural Implements Works and came to Cheetham's boatyard where, finding my paddle was not in a satisfactory condition, I left it for repair, obtaining in its place a serviceable, though well-worn, pair of blades. I was now in the middle of Bedford, known throughout the world for its famous schools. Here poor Fred Burnaby of Abu Klea and Khiva fame, received his early education, his father having been vicar of St Peter's parish for some years.

The schools, grammar, modern and elementary, are not to be beaten and Bedford may well be proud of the scholastic institutions founded by Sir William Harper, a Bedford boy, who rose to be Lord Mayor of London some 300 years ago. No cleaner town is to be found in the United Kingdom and its corporation with praiseworthy efforts spare no pains in making the town as attractive as possible. The pupils who attend the various schools hail from almost every part of the world, from the Indian Nabob's son to the young hopeful of the officer serving under the British flag in the West Indies or on the China station.

Not far from Bedford is Elstow, the home of John Bunyan, and a noble monument

A Cruise On the Great Ouse In a "Boy's Own" Canoe

By a Headmaster
Reprinted from Paddles Past
Journal of the Historic Canoe & Kayak
Association (UK)
(Originally published in the
Boy's Own Paper, ca 1890)



in bronze, by Boehm, was presented to the town some years ago by a late Duke of Bedford. The statue is of heroic size and stands at the top of High Street near St Peter's Church. Four noble bas reliefs in bronze adorn the base of the statue. More recently a very fine statue of John Howard, the prison philanthropist, has been erected in the Market Square.

Below the bridge a noble promenade extends for half a mile down the river. It is beautifully laid out with trees and forms one of the most frequented walks in Bedford. A band performs on the embankment twice a week.

I carried nothing in the shape of provisions, as I knew that food was easily obtained at the numerous villages on the river, so I breakfasted in the town, and once more getting afloat I lazily paddled down the stream to the first lock. There were several boats waiting to go down to the river and my frail looking little craft, I am afraid, caused no small amusement among the occupants of some of the more pretentious looking vessels on the river.

"Hold tight, sir," shouted the keeper as I entered the lock, "I'll be bound you'll be swamped!" But the "Boy's Own" was a tauter craft and her skipper, I may say without boasting, a more experienced hand than the majority of those who passed Bedford Lock that morning.

The river, after passing through the lock, widens very considerably, and after I put up a small extemporised sail, the little vessel merrily scudded along. The weather was perfect, not too hot, and a beautiful breeze blowing made sailing perfect. A large sailing boat passed, with an enormous extent of canvas, and fairly took the wind out of my sail, at the same time giving the canoe a considerable wash.

The boat's crew stared in amazement at the diminutive size of my cockleshell and an ejaculation, "Well, that beats the latest!" reached my ears. I speedily followed in the wake and, passing through delicious meadows in which numerous cattle were grazing, I came to Cardington Mill.

Taking down my sail, I turned into a pool well known to me as a resort of feeding roach and, undoing my tackle, I had a quiet hour trying anew bait with its finny inhabitants. I landed, or more correctly "canoed," some dozen or so good-sized fish, half a dozen of which I retained in the well of the canoe. The largest I found, on scaling at Great Barford, to weigh exactly 1³/₄lb. The bait I used was of a peculiar kind. It was compounded of wasp grub and soft dough mixed together.

The biting was incessant and during the short time I stayed I caught dozens of bleak, which I consigned to their watery domain. I had several glimpses of our British hummingbird, the kingfisher. The plumage of these beautiful creatures as they flit along in the morning sunshine is resplendent. Alas! they are getting more rare every year.

Dragging my canoe some 30 or 40 yards, I came to a deep pool below the mill. In a secluded part, well sheltered by overhanging willows, I had a refreshing plunge into some 12' of water. After dressing, I embarked and allowed myself to glide along with the stream. I was in no hurry.

The skipper, in the meantime, having lit up, amused himself with watching the blue wreaths curling up from Raleigh's famous plant until lost in that mysterious ether above. Labourers busily engaged in gathering in the harvest stared with stolid gaze at the tiny craft.

The water was getting very low, and river weeks being extremely abundant, care was required in the navigation. On one occasion I ran aground, but had no difficulty in getting afloat as I had simply to step overboard and lift the canoe over the impediment. It was now 11 o'clock and lunch was thought of. It consisted of bread and butter and a good slice of home cured boiled ham. I have tasted worse meals and the feeling of perfect freedom for the time being made the repast an epicurean one.

I had the good fortune just before reaching Willington Lock to have a shot at a hobby, in close pursuit of a lark, near the river's bank. This bird (F. Subuteo) only visits this country in summer. It arrives in April and builds in tall trees. It is a remarkably strong bird on the wing. Its upper parts are greyish black, the chin and throat white, belly dull orange and quills dusky black.

Slipping a cartridge into the breech of my gun, I raised my piece and, after the smoke had somewhat cleared away, paddled to the place where it had fallen into the stream, some 25 yards distant. The plumage was rather damaged by my shot, but it was afterwards well mounted by a naturalist who lives in Bedford, and it forms a prominent feature in my school museum.

Close to the spot where I shot the hawk, I cut some very fine specimens of the bulrush ("pokers," young Bedfordians call them). I had no difficulty in passing Willington Lock, an obliging countryman giving me a lift. The present of a shilling and a plug of Newcastle brown twist, implanted I should think, a mental photograph of the canoeist upon that poor fellow's mind which was not obliterated for sometime. When was I coming back? Shillings were very rare, he said, at Willington. I could not say. Perhaps Thursday, maybe Friday, I was not sure.

I was now getting decidedly warm and, doffing coat and vest, the voyager bared his arms and shoved merrily onto Great Barford, well known for its pike fishery. I kept close to the banks as I was on the lookout for rare

specimens of the Lepidoptera family. I had the good fortune to capture perfect specimens of the peacock butterfly (Vanessa Jo), swallow tail butterfly and the Admiral butterfly.

Barford Lock is by no means an easy one to pass. The canoe had to be lifted bodily some 9' and here the light construction of the B.O. canoe proved valuable.

Hanging to the sides and clambering to the top, I dragged it safely unaided to the deep water at the other side. I had never seen the river so low. I could scarcely find a clear passage to Barford Bridge, and it took me nearly half an hour to reach the last mentioned place.

At Barford I went ashore and enjoyed a good dinner at the Anchor. This house is well known to many London anglers who frequently run down to Barford for a week's fishing. Both pike, locally termed jack, and bream are plentiful and I was shown a stuffed specimen of the former fish which, when caught, weighed 28lbs.

One of the main objects of my trip was to get a couple of oil sketches of the river and, being favoured with a glorious evening, I blocked in a view of Barford Bridge and left it with the landlord of the Anchor, hoping on my return to find a similar evening with the same atmospheric conditions when I could complete, as far as outdoor work was concerned, the picture.

Getting safely below the lower lock at Barford by means of portage, I paddled leisurely down the stream towards Tempsford. The moon was at its full and soon the water



began to sparkle like liquid silver.

Just below Roxton I pulled up in a little creek and disembarked, having determined to camp out for the night. I do not remember ever having been out in such a glorious night. Everything was so calm and still, the only sounds being caused by fish leaping out of the water or the house dog in some neighbouring farmhouse giving voice.

Wrapping my waterproof around me after lighting my lamp, I had a delightful two hours with that prince of sportsmen, "The Old Shekarry," whose famous work, *Sport in Many Lands*, I had slipped into the capacious pocket of my Inverness on setting out in the morning. Beginning to feel drowsy, I put out my light and very soon was in the land of dreams.

The beams of the morning sun woke me up and, consulting my watch, I found it was nearly six o'clock. What a change from the stillness of the preceding night! The air was alive with the hum of insects. Gorgeous dragonflies flitted here and there and numerous water hens were swimming and diving not many paces from me.

I felt rather cramped and stiff but, undressing, I jumped into the water, had a good ten minutes' swim and felt all the better for my bath.

After dressing I made down the stream and was fortunate in finding a cottage by the riverside where I determined if it was possible to breakfast. Here I was in luck. The good man of the house, who happened to be a gamekeeper in answer to my inquiries, kindly invited me into the house and in less than half an hour I was sitting down to what Americans would call a "square meal," composed of home-cured ham, fresh laid eggs and wholesome bread and butter, washed down by a large cup of freshly ground coffee. After jotting down a few notes, mine host told me a little story about a schoolboy which is so good, and has the merit of being true, that I cannot refrain from inserting it.

At the annual examination of a school in Biggleswade, one of Her Majesty's Inspectors, whose top adornment was of the scanti-

est, was questioning a lower class about a certain animal. He could not elicit the colour of the said animal and in despair cried out, "Well, boys, it's the same colour as my hair. Now what is that?" "Please, sir," shouted a yokel from the back, "you haven't got none." The inspector collapsed.


As the morning was waning, I bade my kind host and hostess farewell and made for Eaton Socon. Here I called upon an old college friend and spent the day. In the evening my friend saw me off and, just as it was beginning to be dusk, I drew up at the landing place, close to the bridge which crosses the river at St Neots.

Staying at the same hotel where I put up at was a small party of university men who were going from Cambridge to Olney. Of course, I was able to give them information as to the state of the river as far as Kempston and the intelligence was gladly given.

I stayed overnight at St Neots and on the following day (Wednesday) turned my canoe upstream, after seeing the sights of the town, and got to Great Barford about tea time when, after a good wash, I made rapid progress with the picture I had left two days previously.

Staying at the Anchor on Wednesday evening, I set off early in the morning, and reached Kempston in good time for tea. My hands were rather sore but otherwise I felt no ill effects from my little cruise. I had had not the slightest mishap from start to finish, and certainly I tested fully the river going qualities of the little craft made by a school boy on the lines laid down in this delightful paper for boys some years ago.





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The International Scene

The number of containers lost at sea is far lower than many believe. It is now estimated that about 350 get overboard each year rather than the widely accepted figure of 3,000 to 4,000.

Insurers are beginning to seriously worry about what would happen if a tsunami or a hurricane met up with thousands of containers just unloaded or about to be loaded on a super large container ship. The ship can escape by sailing but what happens to all those stacks of boxes?

Thin Places and Hard Knocks

Ships collided and allided: In the Houston Ship Channel, the 274-metre tanker *Naticina* and the barge *MMI 3024* being pushed by the towboat *Alliance* collided. A ballast tank on the tanker was breached but none of the barge's 20,000 barrels of xylene (nasty stuff!) spilled.

Ships ran aground: The 1977 built, 6,000hp salvage tug *Leopard* grounded and partly sank at St Vincent, Porto Grande, near the beach of Galé. This apparently detailed location may be in the Cape Verde islands off Africa. A tug failed to unground the bigger tug so it now needs salvaging.

In the British Virgin Islands, and late at night, the feeder container ship *Tropic Sun* ran up on rocks near the historic wreck of the *RMS Rhone Park*, which was immediately closed to divers and other visitors. The ship was leaving Tortola for St Maarten and was refloated three days later.

Recent floods brought much silt down the Mississippi and keeping the river navigable is a problem. The Hong Kong flagged, coal-carrying bulker *Jin Rui* went aground at Mile 4 above Head of the Passes, (this is about 24 miles from the Gulf of Mexico). The master reported hitting "sludge" when the ship's forward progress started slowing.

Ships were racked by fires and explosions: A Pakistani dhow carrying petroleum products from Sharjah to Somalia caught fire and seven died while nine others were rescued.

Humans died or went missing: Off Mexico's Gulf Coast, after Tropical Storm Nate disabled the lift boat *Trinity II*, ten crew members climbed into a small, rigid foam life raft after their high tech raft blew away. Six survived. A lift boat can lower legs to the sea floor and then elevate itself above the water level. This one was being used as a recording vessel and provided accommodation for the crew, and it was in waters about 25' (8m) deep.

At Philadelphia, two longshoremen died within eight days. A yard horse (a stubby tractor used for moving containers within a yard) backed into one man and the other fell on a ship while unloading cargo.

At Shanghai, a cleaning lady was decapitated when a runaway barge climbed over five smaller vessels and onto a pier.

At Manila in the Philippines, a shipping company radio operator finally succeeded. He jumped into the bay but was rescued. He did it again and was rescued again. After a third rescue, fellow employees made him promise not to try again. He promised but walked towards the barge *Palawan* and jumped from it. The fourth time worked. And the whole sorry process took less than one hour.

Humans were rescued: In Alaskan waters, the Coast Guard ocean going buoy

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

tender *USCGC Spar* small boated a crew member off the 82' fishing vessel *Maverick* and carried him more than 200 miles to St Paul Island where he could be flown to Anchorage for further medical care. *Maverick* is a crab-fishing vessel that is a star on the TV series "Deadliest Catch."

Near Saipan in far-warmer waters, the US Coast Guard rescued three fishermen. In Micronesian waters, one expects outrigger canoes and paddles but these three were in the 23' fiberglass commercial fishing boat *Norma* when it took on water and went under. They climbed into their life raft, triggered their EPIRB and calmly asked for air support. A Coast Guard helicopter spotted a large white cooler and a small rigid foam life raft bouncing around in 10' seas and all three fishermen were hoisted to safety.

Other oddities: At Port Adelaide in Australia, the livestock carrier *Al Messilah* was declared unseaworthy and its cargo of 67,000 sheep eventually ended upon the *Al Shuwaikh*, which then headed for Qatar.

And Britain's biggest oil port, Sullom Voe, was forced to close when employee cutbacks meant no vessel traffic services were available because one employee had called in sick and no replacement was still on the payroll.

Gray Fleets

The US Navy relieved the skipper of the destroyer *The Sullivans* of his command after he mistook a fishing boat for a towed gunnery target off North Carolina. Luckily the warship's gunnery proficiency was not yet up to hitting the FV.

But a three-admiral panel ruled that the former commanding officer of the aircraft carrier *USS Enterprise* had committed misconduct and had demonstrated substandard performance when he showed raunchy movies but the panel decided he could continue his long Navy career.

In a nighttime training exercise that involved boarding a moving ship, an elderly (37-year-old) Royal Marine died at Portsmouth. Although attached to the vessel by a safety line, he had failed to secure the crotch strap of his utility vest and it rode up and strangled him. Fatigue was thought to be a factor.

Canada's Conservative government announced that the navy and air force, known for more than three decades as the Maritime Command and Air Command, would revert to their earlier names of Royal Canadian Navy and Royal Canadian Air Force and the announcement greatly surprised many and pleased those who loved those two services. Gone are the days when every military member wore the same green uniform and admirals were generals. Canada's Land Force Command is now known as the (non-royal) Canadian Army.

The British government is continuing to play "on again, off again" politics with the two big aircraft carriers it is having built. Maybe it won't be necessary after all to mothball one carrier as soon as it is finished.

In April (but the news was released only recently) *HMS Iron Duke* was approached by a speedboat, possibly operated by Iran's Revolutionary Guard, in the Persian Gulf. When the vessel and its two occupants were uncomfortably close, a machine gun on the frigate sprayed the water to one side of the skiff. It quickly veered away with a farewell wave, possibly cheerful, from one occupant.

Months later, and off the Libyan coast, the frigate fired starshells to illuminate attacks by other NATO forces. The Royal Navy's three other representatives off Libya, the destroyer *HMS Liverpool* and helicopters from the assault ship *HMS Ocean*, also mounted attacks while the mine hunter *HMS Bangor* concentrated on humanitarian tasks.

One of most expensive sea battles for the Royal Navy was the World War I battle off the Isle of May, although no enemy warships were involved. Twenty miles off Fife Ness on Scotland's east coast during nighttime fleet exercises, a series of collisions killed 270 men within 75 minutes, sank the submarines *K17* and *K4* and damaged the submarines *K6*, *K7*, *K14*, *K22* and the light cruiser *Fearless*. The reader really owes it to himself to read up on this pseudo battle, perhaps at Wikipedia under "Battle at May Island."

Although the K-class subs were operating on the surface that night, they had been designed to accompany the fleet at speed, only submerging when necessary. The problem was that they were steam powered and submergence meant killing the oil fueled fires under the boilers, blowing off steam, stowing two funnels and closing all openings. This took time and the subs were stifling hot and extremely clumsy to boot.

Twenty-seven subs were built (including M-class variants armed with 12" guns). None were lost to enemy action but seven succumbed to various causes including several collisions. Now the two sunken subs from the "battle" have been surveyed for the first time because they are war graves in the middle of a wind farm.

White Fleets

A North Korean firm tried running a cruise from China to scenic Mount Kumgang near the South Korean border. The Chinese passengers liked the cruise but not the ship, a 1970s Japanese veteran named *Mangyongbong*. Cabins were musty, food was served on trays and there were no showers during the 21-hour trip. A grand finale to this first voyage was when the ship rammed the dock at the North Korean port of Rason, shattering a few yards of concrete. Tugs could have helped dock the ship but the port has no tugs yet.

On the Danube River, the river cruise boat *Avalon Tranquility* was battered by a cargo ship just south of Passau, Germany. Damage was considerable but nobody was hurt and passengers were transferred to another long, low, two decked cruise ship, the *River Empress*.

In Alaska, a Coast Guard chopper hoisted a 70-year-old man off the *Statendam*. He was exhibiting symptoms of congestive heart failure.

Those That Go Back and Forth

Nearly 200 people died in Tanzania after the overloaded ferry *Spice Islanders* capsized. At least 192 bodies were recovered, while more than 600 passengers survived the

accident. The disaster, following on a 2006 capsizing of an overloaded vessel, brought immediate condemnation from survivors and others who feel the ferries were being operated without regard to safety. The *Spice Islanders* was bound for the island of Pemba in the Indian Ocean, near the island of Zanzibar, the site of the 2006 accident.

At least 11 people, including 9 school children, died when an overloaded ferry capsized in a river in southern China. "It was so crowded we had trouble breathing," one survivor told the paper, adding that she had seen a half-erased notice on the boat saying it was only licensed to carry 32 passengers. Local authorities said 45 people, including two crewmen, were aboard the boat when it became ensnared in a cable and tipped over. But witnesses said there were 92 school children on the ferry and one blogger claimed to have counted as many as 63 bodies in the river.

In the Philippines, the fast ferry *Express 1* caught fire and the 70 persons on board were safely transferred to a competitor's ferry, the *Sea Jet*, which had departed Cebu 35 minutes later. The *Express 1* then sank.

Off South Korea, the south bound *Seolbong* caught fire and many passengers jumped overboard before being rescued. No deaths, though.

And in New Zealand, another fast ferry caught fire in an engine room. The *Jet Raider* was between Auckland and Waiheke Island when the fire started. The 316 passengers were transferred to another ferry, automatic fire extinguishers did their thing and firemen checked for surviving hot spots with thermal imaging equipment.

At Nanaimo in British Columbia, vehicles are driven onto a ferry using a curving trestle but it was unusable after a paving truck loaded with asphalt for repaving the passenger walkway broke through the railing and ended up upside down and submerged. The driver escaped without serious injuries. He had been told where to drive but drove elsewhere and that collapsed the trestle.

A distraught French speaking woman jumped off the Statue of Liberty ferry *Lady Liberty* while it was still moored at Battery Park in New York City. She quickly changed her mind, grabbing a life ring thrown to her and waiting for the ferry's rescue boat.

Legal Matters

The Panama Canal Authority ruled that it would no longer allow transit of the Canal by single hull oil tankers over 600 tons deadweight and under 5,000 tons after December 31, 2012. In the meanwhile, such tankers will be assigned "extraordinary" (PCA language) tug assistance at all locks and through Cul-de-sac Cut, at the owner's expense, of course. "Single-hull" includes single side/single bottom, single side/double bottom or double side/single bottom. Other tankers may also be furnished compulsory and extraordinary tug assistance as the Canal prepares for the day when tugs will take all vessels into and through its new set of large locks.

On the River Cam, the irascible owner of a 72' barge didn't like the boat races and repeatedly obstructed them, colliding with some boats and addressing indecent language at others. He told a judge that he was merely protecting the River's famed swans, which belong to the Queen, but his ill temper will cost him about £7,000 in court costs. That sentence posed one small problem. He

explained, "I haven't got the money and only receive £90 in benefits a week. I have no idea where I would get it from." (The swans need little protection).

In fact, one evil bird dubbed "Mr Asbo" has repeatedly attacked river users including eight-oared shells, went after a father and daughter in a dinghy and even capsized a canoeist. One suggestion was to clip the feathers on one wing so "Mr Asbo" would be unbalanced while attacking.)

In New Zealand, the sailing yacht *Clasique* ignored danger blasts of a horn and skimmed close across the bow of the ferry *Seaway II*, trusting that the ferry would give way. It did, slowing rapidly and going into reverse and there was no contact. In court, the yachtie insisted that he had deliberately ignored the international collision prevention laws, boldly asserting that a customary body of law existed that allowed him to use his own experience and judgment to prevent a collision. The court disagreed and he was fined \$4,000 plus costs of another \$1,356.

Metal-Bashing

The new British Columbia ship-docking tug *Shuswap* features two life raft canisters on the roof of the wheelhouse. Each is connected to an arm that can swing out to deploy the raft at water level and close to the tug's side. The arms fit snugly against the wheelhouse sides and can drop down into slots built in the wheelhouse railings. Credit veteran designer A.G. McIlwain for this clever, and possibly lifesaving, idea. AI is an old time designer who still draws vessel plans by hand but his ideas are very contemporary.

A Russian court seized an almost finished floating nuclear power station. Oh it's safe enough but the builder is in bankruptcy and the undelivered barge unit is a \$340 million asset of the yard.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Pirates released seven Danish yachtsmen hijacked in February in the Indian Ocean while sailing their 43' yacht *Ing*. Reportedly, a \$3 million ransom was dropped on the bulk carrier *Dover* where the Danes were being held hostage. They were given a small boat with an outboard engine and set free. A few miles away, a Danish warship was waiting to pick them up. The Danish family consisted of two adults, three children, and two deckhands. Reportedly, the ransom would have been waived if one pirate could have married the 13-year-old daughter.

The chemical/oil tanker *Fairchem Bogen* was seized by pirates while anchored at the Omani port of Salalah, two miles off the coast and well inside Omani territorial waters. An attack so close to a port is unusual for Somali pirates, although they have been driven back to waters around the Gulf of Aden and coast of Oman because of the ongoing Indian Ocean monsoon. The hijacking is the latest in a series of attacks against oil tankers. That sector may now be specifically targeted because ransoms are much higher than average for oil and gas carriers.

The Somali businessman who negotiated possible ransoming of four US citizens held hostage on the high seas (they were later killed on their yacht *Quest* by the pirates) and arranged for the ransom paid for the German-owned bulk carrier *Marida Marguerite* is as much a pirate as any skiff operator with an AK-47 and a boarding ladder. So argued US prosecutors and the Somalian

was indicted on 15 counts by a US federal grand jury. His cut of the *Marguerite* ransom was about \$30,000 to \$50,000.

Odd Bits

A Hollywood personage has been in the UK filming a TV series featuring their barge, the *Princess Matilda*. He and his wife were on the River Medway, a river they knew well, but they were overtired and bedazzled by lights on shore and they turned the wrong way. A RNLI crew receiving training in their boathouse overheard radio discussions about the couple's bewilderment and launched a lifeboat for a successful rescue.

The 100' monohull maxi-sailboat *Rambler 10*, valued at somewhere between \$10 and 14 million, was leading its division in the prestigious 608-mile Fastnet Race when its canting keel dropped off. The boat immediately flipped, dumping the crew of 21 in the water for several hours. The vessel's EPIRB failed to work (but it did start some ten hours later!) and it was a crewmember's personal emergency position indicating beacon that alerted Irish and British rescuers. The mastless, keeless vessel was towed to Bantry Bay and righted after several attempts. The mast was located on the seabed and it, sail bags and personal possessions were later retrieved by divers.

The US has several large icebreakers but they are often out of service or are committed elsewhere so the National Science Foundation has to rent an icebreaker for about \$8 million to keep channels open to its research stations in the Antarctic such as that at McMurdo Sound. Last year, it was the Swedish icebreaker *Oden*. Starting at the end of December it will be the Russian breaker *Vladimir Ignatyuk*. This vessel was originally constructed as the *Arctic Kalvik* in Victoria, British Columbia, in 1983 and was sold by Gulf Canada to Murmansk Shipping in 2003. A similar sister vessel, the *Terry Fox*, is now a Canadian Coast Guard icebreaker.

Feet keep washing ashore on the West Coast, mostly in British Columbia, but authorities are not particularly concerned. Eight feet have been found in the Vancouver area since 2007, with another three on Washington beaches. DNA tests showed that two came from the same woman, four were from known missing persons and none could be demonstrated to be result of foul play. Most of the feet were wearing some kind of shoe, usually a sneaker or running shoe, and the footwear provided flotation for the feet. Authorities surmised that region's many bridges may have inspired suicides and noted that feet probably became separated from legs much as corpses on land fall apart due to decomposition and the actions of scavengers.

Head-Shakers

An Australian Navy seaman claimed the Navy failed to detect that she was pregnant when she enlisted and that medical staff ignored her when she told them on three occasions that she had missed her period. She wants the Navy to help support her child.

The Finnish 28-metre excursion boat *King* routinely carries passengers around Helsinki harbor but it ran aground because the master was stuck in a bathroom due to a jammed door. Minor injuries to some of 54 passengers and cosmetic damage to the vessel and, worst of all, the Finnish Coast Guard was investigating whether the master's actions were criminal!

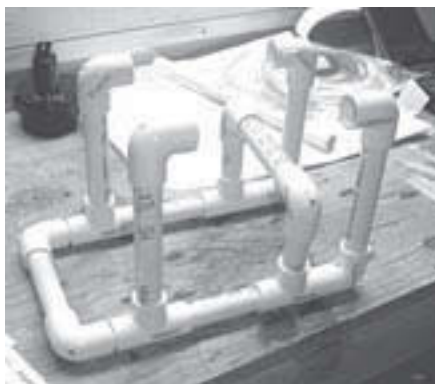


Measuring frame pieces.



Assembling a frame

Partially completed frame.



Build Your Own Sub and Other Wet Projects

By Kevin Murphy

As part of my networking with robotics educators, I met a physics teacher from Gloucester (Massachusetts) High School who described this program to me. I was thrilled and inspired, having wanted to build an underwater type robot for a while. I never knew there was a program in place already to do this. It is called Sea Perch and was originated at MIT. The program takes its inspiration from the design presented in *Build Your Own Under Water Robot and Other Wet Projects* by Harry Bohm and Vickie Jensen. For more information on Sea Perch go to: <http://seaperch.mit.edu/index.php>

So, after learning about this I had to build one. My objective was to do this as a pilot project to see how difficult it was and how long it would take. I plan on introducing this to our robotics club in the spring as an alternative to our Lego robotics program.

You can buy all the parts needed for this at hardware, electronics and hobby stores. However, they also sell kits with all the parts together. I took this route as it was the first time we would attempt it. The kit is somewhere around \$150.

The great thing about this is that it is all hands-on work measuring, cutting, soldering, etc. The kids learn about motors, circuits, buoyancy, engineering design and test. We spent several sessions over the summer building this and finally finished in September in time to test it in our above ground pool. What a thrill that everything worked!

My plan is to purchase all the necessary parts and equipment to build a few of these in our spring robotics program and have them complete in the beginning of the summer so we can test them out in the pool. Once these things are built, there are projects and experiments we can add on. For example, underwater camera, a water sampler, sonar, etc. The website has links to many of these different projects.

Hopefully some of you *Messing About in Boats* people will get inspired by this. It's a great project for kids and adults!

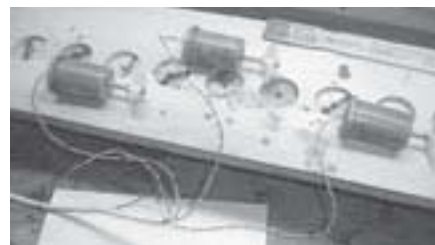
Frame with floats and netting base



Three motors wired and taped.



Fully potted motors with caps put back on, ready to cure for 24 hours.



Attaching the props, epoxy is used to attach prop holders to motor shafts.



Attaching motors to frame.

Motors attached, port and starboard as well as a vertical.





The maiden voyage. It works.



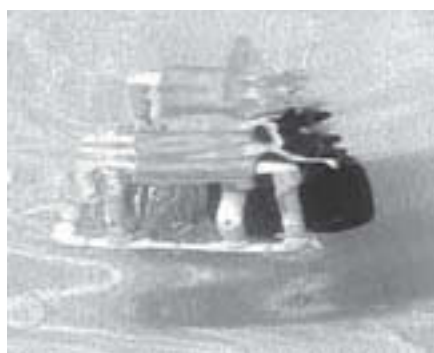
Adding more ballast.



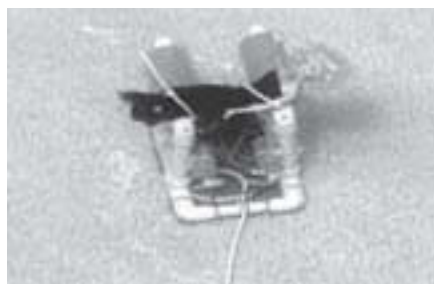
Deep dive.



Giving Barbie a ride



Down she goes.



On the bottom.



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Projects' Progress

By Dave Lucas

Here are pictures of the Crystal River scow in frame, notice the delicate steam bent frames. And then a 13' melonseed that Rex and Kathie Payne are about finished with. I love the flush fitting hatch up front. It looks great and the idea of having a traditional sealed hatch on these boats that spend half the time full of water makes no sense when you think about it. Why didn't we think of that? Good job.



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Phoenix

By Clem Legate
Reprinted from *The Smokestack*
Newsletter of the
North American Steamboat Association



March 31, 2010, was one of the worst days of my life so far. I live in a rural area where there are no street lights or neighbors to shed light on my yard. So at 2:30 in the morning when my back yard was as bright as the noonday sun, I woke up with a start. My 80'x34' boathouse/workshop had flames shooting 20'-30' out of the 12' high overhead door where I had backed in my steam launch *Angelfire*. It was obvious at that point that there was no saving anything.

When I called 911 the operator said that I was the fourth caller to report the fire but I didn't win anything. He said that I had to be the seventh caller to win the free trip to Lake "Woe-be-gone." Just my luck!



It was one or two weeks before the fire marshal said that we could start cleaning up the mess. My wife Kristie and I spent another three or four weeks picking through all the ashes, shovel by shovel, looking for things to put on the list for the insurance company claim forms and maybe finding some lost treasures that didn't melt or burn up. We filled four 30 cubic yard dumpsters with ashes and junk and three dump trucks full of scrap metal to take to the scrap yard. You can't imagine how disheartening it is to see all your tools and machinery heading for the scrap yard! We did, however, find treasures.



After that chore was done I could finally start building a new building. The new building is the same size but with more windows and thicker insulation. By October the building was done and I had replaced enough tools to start working on a new boat. I had ordered a new Elliott Bay hull back in the spring so that when the boat house was done I would have a boat to put in it. The new hull is just like the *Angelfire*, black hull with red bottom. I needed something to work on all winter if for no other reason than to fight off the depression I was still feeling. What better way to fight off depression than to build a replica of the *Angelfire*.



Very little was salvageable from the burned up boat but I was able to save and rebuild the hot well, the hand feed pump and the boiler. I still have the boiler but didn't use

it in the new boat. My new boat looks just like the *Angelfire* and I was able to use a few old parts from it so I have named the new boat *Phoenix* since it rose up out of the ashes of the *Angelfire*.

By now it was a year later, early March, and I needed a steamboat ride so Kristie and I headed to the Harris Chain of Lakes Steamboat meet in Florida on March 15. When we went to Florida the only thing that was done on the boat was the rudder and the skeg. I had made up my mind to go on the Erie Canal meet in June so I needed to have the *Phoenix* ready to run by June 24. I put in long days, nights and weekends until it was NOT fun anymore, but on June 23 I had it done enough to make the 82-mile maiden voyage down the Erie Canal.

I must say it was not without incident. Coming out of one of the many locks a check valve stuck open which made for a scary moment. The rudder post jumped out of the hole in the skeg. Now I know why I was supposed to put a cotter pin in the little hole. The hot well ran over almost continuously so I had to keep injecting water from the bow tank. There were a few plumbing leaks but all in all it was a successful maiden voyage.

I have taken several eight to ten-mile trips down The Broadkill River here in Delaware. I think I now have most, if not all, the problems worked out. I want everything to be working good for our next venture was to be on September 9 at Lee's Mills in New Hampshire.

I still need to put on the lower rub rails and the seats don't have backs and there is no front seat for the fireman, but that will give me something to do this winter. As anyone who has a steam launch knows it is always a work in progress.

Steam on.

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In preparation for her upcoming centennial, the tug *Delaware* is now being restored to her 1912 appearance in full public view at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St Michaels, Maryland. *Delaware* is a rare example of a typical early 20th century wooden river tug. Built in 1912 in Bethel, Delaware, by William H. Smith, the *Delaware* measures 39'8"x11'4" and is now a floating exhibit at the museum's waterfront campus.

Delaware is a product of Bethel's great age of wooden ship and boat building and apart from the 1900 ram schooner *Victory Chimes* (formerly *Edwin* and *Maud*), may be the only survivor. In 1929 the tug was bought by James Ireland of Easton, Maryland, who was in partnership with John H. Bailey in a marine construction business. Later Bailey acquired sole interest in the tug when she became a common sight around the Upper Eastern Shore, engaged in building bulkheads and docks until she was laid up in the late 1980s.

Delaware hauled scows on Broad Creek, often laden with lumber, and towed ram schooners to and from Laurel. Occasionally, she carried parties of young people to Sandy Hill for day trips on the Nanticoke River.

Quite a lot of work is involved in preparation for her centennial. The museum's shipwrights are replacing six bottom planks on

Tug *Delaware's* Historic Restoration

By Tracey Munson
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum



the port side all the way forward. That will also allow the shipwrights and apprentices to replace structural floors and frame ends, as well as repair the keel. The planking will all be yellow pine. They are also replacing the lower guards on the hull in the original configuration. The guards are 2 1/2" square and 25' long, and have been steam bent to the shape of the hull.

Work will also include pulling up some of the side deck and replacing a broken fore-and-aft deck carlin that runs the entire length of the cabin house. And finally, any broken or rotten tongue-and-groove beaded, vertical cabin siding will be replaced. The custom siding has to be milled onsite. Restoration work will be done over the fall and winter months, in full public view in the museum's harbor side boat yard.

The museum's waterfront campus in St Michaels includes new art and decoy exhibits, the historic restoration of the skipjack *Rosie Parks*, a floating fleet of historic vessels, a museum store, and many hands-on exhibits sharing the stories of how people live, work and play along the entire Chesapeake Bay. The museum is open 9am to 5pm seven days a week, with picnickers and dogs welcome. For more information, visit the museum, online at www.cbmm.org, or call (410) 745-2916.

LaBrie Small Craft is proud to announce that we will be building the prototype, as well as the first production hulls, of the new Dick Newick-designed "Joy" 16' cruising/sailing kayak. As he is renowned for his trimaran designs, such as Moxie, Ocean Surfer, Tremolino, etc, most readers of *MAIB* are probably familiar with his work on high performance sailing craft. What fewer people probably realize is that Dick has considerable early experience with kayaks, going back many years before kayaks became wildly popular. Attached is Dick's story about the early development of "Joy."

Background On the Design of "Joy" A 16' Cruising Kayak

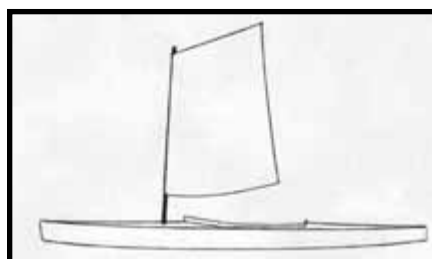
By Dick Newick

"Gypsy," built about 1951, was my 17'x32" cold molded cruising kayak, a good boat, but she was heavy, about 120lbs as I recall. She gave me much pleasure on the ocean, bay and rivers around Eureka (California). Her Ljungstrom sail was rare in the US. She got as far as the Florida Keys for a short cruise which would have been longer if I had found a way to stop being mosquito food. My 1946 Studebaker pickup got her to many places secured to a plywood camper top in which I slept on trips.

"Gypsy" was stored while I spent 1953 in Mexico. I then found work with a San Francisco boat dealer who had enough unused space for me to build a fiberglass hull using "Gypsy" as a male mold. Syd Hall, a Sausalito waterfront Renaissance man, pioneered many skills, including fiberglass boat building, as this new technology was being invented. He

Introducing "Joy"

By Paul Labrie



generously showed me what I needed to know to get started, using polyester resin and many plies of a very light glass cloth. The new boat, named "Friend," was 17 1/2'x32", weighed 75lbs, had a two-person cockpit, 1/8" mahogany plywood deck, a 24sf sprit sail, no leeboard and no rudder. She was steered with a paddle when sailing and was intended to be used for an inland European cruise. Only preliminary sketches of these boats have survived. Other drawings, if any were made, would have been rudimentary.

So, in 2011 I decided to design a new cruising kayak using what I, and others, might have learned in the 60 years since "Gypsy" was built. The new boat, I felt, should be a bit smaller, able to carry a cruising load of at least 250lbs, the same weight "Friend" carried in 1954. A major change in the design process was the use of David Vacanti's Prolines hull design software which I purchased in 1995 along with my first computer. This greatly speeds up the design process by providing instant hydrostatic data, facilitating quick comparison of major or minor design differences.

The 17'x30" boat, with about 2" less freeboard, pleased me. I called Meade Gougeon to talk about it, knowing that he, Hugh Horton and several others had been developing efficient cruising kayaks for several years. I have respected Gougeon brothers' nautical skill since they built Phil Weld's superb 60' trimaran *Rogue Wave*. Meade observed that most paddlers could maintain a speed of three knots for many hours in a boat designed to be efficient at that speed. My 17-footer was intended for a higher speed, requiring more effort than might be available. So I reduced the length to 16', still 6" longer than his group has determined to be best for them; 30" beam was retained, a bit less than they use. It was easy to take Meade's suggestion to add a small transom for faster planing speed downwind under sail in a strong breeze. I had seen Doug Martin's success with a small transom stern on his Echo sliding seat rowing boats. Keeping the transom clear of the water might not detract much from paddling efficiency, a worthwhile compromise since I wanted to sail as much as possible.

My old sprit rig is shown here until I learn more about rig developments. She will have either a small daggerboard or a leeboard and a rudder. Construction will be solid glass for the hull unless the budget permits carbon and Kevlar (note, the prototype will be built of bead and cove cedar strip construction). Deck of 1/8" mahogany ply, ash gunwales and cockpit coaming will be varnished.

The design process has been enjoyable. Hence the name "Joy."

The new boats will be available in the spring of 2012. For more information, please see our new ad and visit us online at www.labriesmallcraft.com.

Dick Newick's website is: <http://www.wingo.com/newick/>



On July 9, 2011, the 40' catamaran *Strings* was launched at the Gougeon Brothers boat shop on the Saginaw River in Bay City, Michigan.



Jan fitting thin bulkheads to support the cockpit seat backs. These carbon/plywood panels made stiff, light building blocks. The lightweight fuselage skins were built of $\frac{1}{2}$ " 7lb per cu ft. foam with a layer of carbon oriented at 45° on each side. The corner pieces were laminated over a section of 12" pvc pipe and the deck, sides and bottom pieces were laminated in a generic curved female mold. Jan trimmed, bent and stitched together these basic panels over the lofted frames and bulkheads that were mounted to a strongback. Years later when the fuselage was assembled to its final shape, another layer of carbon was applied the exterior. Extra layers of carbon were built up at key structural areas

The main bulkheads were $\frac{1}{16}$ " plywood over 1" foam with interior wood trusses, covered with carbon fiber skins. Heavy bulkheads have an additional three layers of carbon on each side. Jan and Greg Bull carefully place the deck skin over the front of the fuselage.



Jan Gougeon Launches *Strings*

By Grace Ombry
Reprinted from *Epoxyworks* #33
Newsletter of Gougeon Brothers, Inc



Ten years ago in *Epoxyworks* #17, we published this photo with the following caption: "In the recess of the Gougeon boat shop loft, something unusual is taking shape out of plywood, foam, carbon fiber and epoxy. There is a minimum of plans and drawings. It evolves, piece by piece, mostly from its creator's head. It's not a trimaran. Not exactly a catamaran. Technically you probably wouldn't call this a hull. It's more of a fuselage. (There is an aircraft canopy involved.) For now, let's call it Project J. We'll keep an eye on this project in coming issues and see what develops."

Project J, later upgraded to the nickname Project X, was christened *Strings* and launched into the Saginaw River on July 9, 2011, about 12 years after conception. The long gestation period included a few hiatuses while Jan and Meade Gougeon built Gougmarans and sailing canoes, among other things.

Jan's goals for his "folding cat with a fuselage" were that it be easy to sail solo or double handed, self righting, trailerable, with a shallow draft and have a big enough footprint to be a serious offshore contender. The most important criteria? "You don't have to be a spring chicken to sail it," Jan said.

Strings meets all of Jan's goals, from the sleek pair of 39'7" foldable hulls flanking the fuselage, which rides high and dry about 2' above the waterline, to the soon to be made

roller reefing mainsail and roller furling/reefing jib. When folded for trailering, the boat is just over 8' wide. The fuselage is small but has an effective galley. Jan said the cabin "can sleep four very friendly people with enough room left over for each to bring along a toothbrush and a sandwich."

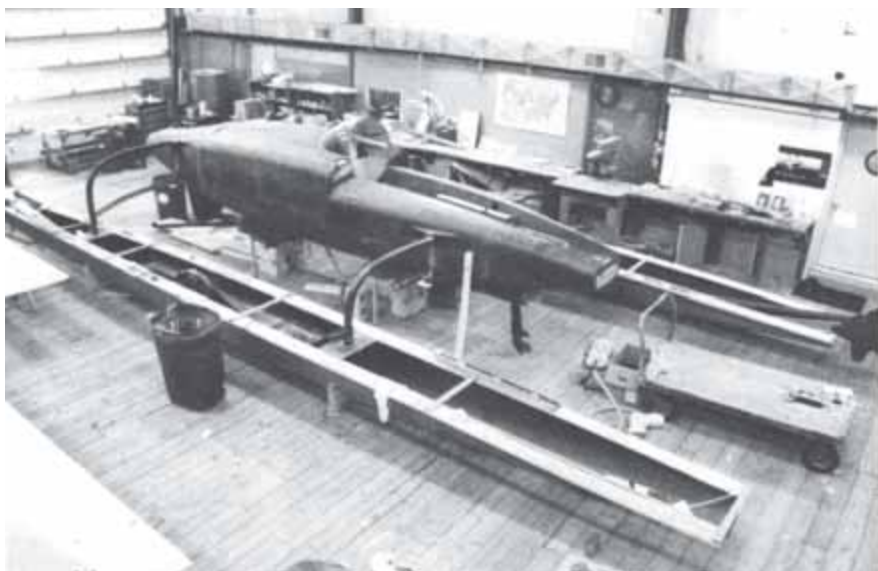
Single and double handed sailing are accommodated by the roller furling sails, self draining fuselage easily filled and emptied water ballast in the hulls. From the rigging to the hulls to the ballast and the rudders, everything is controlled like a big marionette by lines to the cockpit, hence the name, *Strings*.

Some favorite design tricks included on *Strings* are kick-up rudders. "It was always easier to build those than to learn to navigate," joked Jan. Water ballast was also used on Gougeon's G-32 catamarans and self righting has been a staple of Jan's multihull designs ever since his trimaran *Flicka* turned turtle in the Atlantic during an OSTAR qualifying race over 30 years ago. Jan survived four days in *Flicka's* overturned hull contemplating multihull design before a passing freighter rescued him.

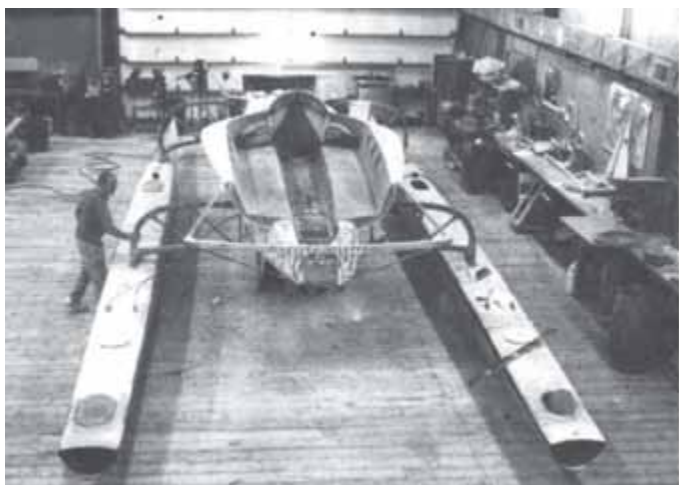
Strings goes about 9mph with its 6hp motor which, when needed, tilts down out of the bottom of the fuselage. At this speed the forward ballast tanks in each hull will fill with 850lbs of water in about seven minutes. The rear tanks will fill with 150 pounds of water in about two minutes. With gravity on their side, they drain much faster.

Jan expects *Strings*, with its relatively small rig, will really fly in heavy air. Of course, *Strings* has yet to be sailed. The mast and roller reefing boom are still under construction as we go to press. Also on Jan's list of things to do is design and build a masthead float with 600 pounds of displacement for the top of the 34'6" mast.

Strings is a little bit like Nathanael Herreshoff's *Amaryllis*, the first catamaran sailboat patented in the US way back in 1876. Herreshoff's design, with long, narrow hulls and a center cabin that rode out of the water, was so forward thinking and effective that it was banned by the New York Yacht Club. Jan thinks he and Herreshoff would have gotten along just fine.

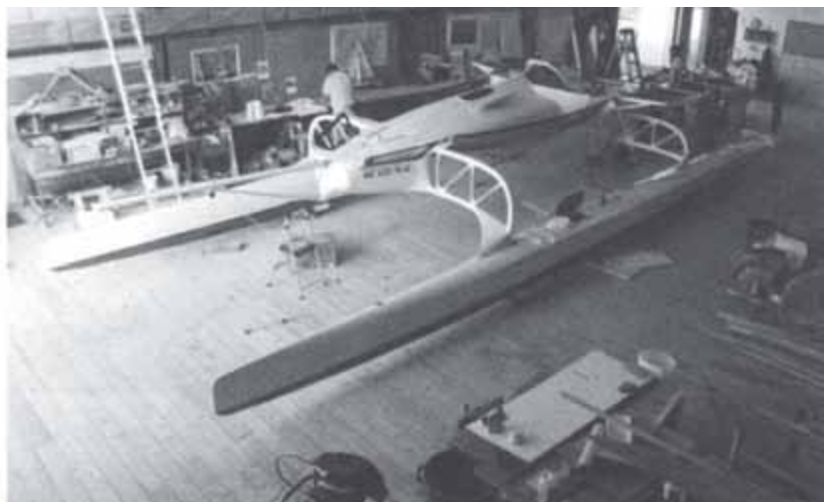


Left: By early 2009 the hulls had take shape and the connecting arms were being built. Right: The port hull's forward ballast tank before the deck is installed. Two small dinghy bailers, one facing forward and one facing aft, are mounted at the bottom of each tank. The forward motion of the boat fills and empties the tanks when the respective bailer is opened via a line from the cockpit. A hull can take on half a ton of water ballast in a matter of minutes, very useful for a 40' catamaran that is only 14' wide. Water ballasted hulls had proven themselves in the earlier Gougeon G-32 catamaran design.



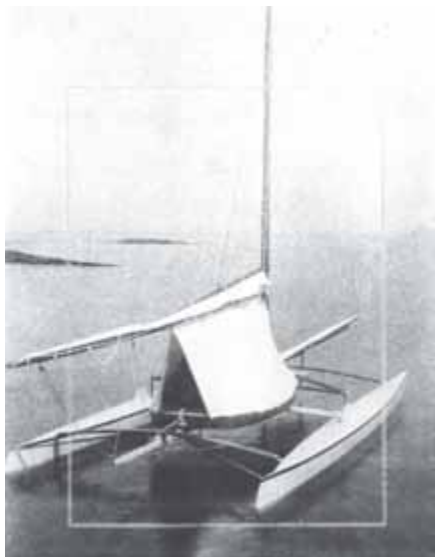
With the fuselage supported, Jan demonstrates the folding hull, Open to its full 14' width (left) and folded against the fuselage (right) to a trailerable 8' when both hulls are folded. With all of the components in place, the exterior was filled and faired with epoxy/410 Microlight®. Weeks of sanding were followed by high build primer, more sanding and a final paint job by resident boat builder Greg Bull.

Left: One of the many details on what Jan calls the most complicated boat he's ever built. Three lines control each pair of intake and exhaust bailers (that's 12 lines to control four tanks). A pressure gauge measures the depth of the water in the ballast tank and gives a quick read of the level from the cockpit. Right: Finally, the day before launch, all components are painted and assembled. No longer Project X, *Strings* has her name and numbers. Hardware is installed and functioning. She is ready to be dropped onto her trailer for her short move out to the crane next to the slip.



A Revolutionary Yacht

Anon Editorial, *The World*, June 24, 1876



The defeated yachtsmen in yesterday's race are entitled to sincere commiseration. It is a well established fact among Americans of a yachting turn of mind that the American yacht embodies in her model all the fairy tales of science and the long results of time. It is supposed to be almost the perfect model for speed under canvas and it is supposed that any improvement on it will be merely an extension of it.

Yet yesterday all the yachts of this approved model were beaten ridiculously by a vessel of outlandish model and rig. She is literally outlandish, for according to the description of her the nearest approach to her afloat is the famous flying proa of the Ladrone Islands, of the speed of which wonderful stories are told. Nobody protested against entering her for the race yesterday, for the reason probably that everybody expected to beat her, but everybody seems to have objected to being beaten by her. Next time we advise our yachtsmen to ponder the words of Milton and think twice ere they venture to "sport with *Amaryllis* in the shade."

In form the entry seems to have been perfectly fair since the yachts were taxed only according to length and were permitted as much extension in all other directions as their owners chose. But in fact, it is clearly unfair to race boats of radically different models, and built for entirely different purposes, against each other. The model of the *Amaryllis* evidently would not do for a sea-going vessel and nothing in the way of the practical improvement of naval architecture, which yachts and yacht clubs are supposed to promote, can come out of a flying proa. But on the other hand, none of the boats engaged in the race with her are supposed to be good for much except to engage in such races.

The tendency of yacht racing is everywhere to produce racing machines; in England by narrowing, deepening and ballasting yachts out of all reason and here by making broad and shallow skimming dishes. In either case, the result is not a good type of sea going vessel. So the owners of racing machines have really no reason to complain that somebody should invent a racing machine to beat them. This the inventor of the *Amaryllis* has done.

Windward Sailing *Amaryllis*

By Nathaniel Herreshoff



'Tis our custom, when starting on a cruise, to race down the bay with the *Julia*, a cat rigged boat whose speed is always taken as a standard, and thus we can detect any error in trim that otherwise might escape us. The one that beats the *Julia* is set down as all right. In this case the wind was fresh from the south and a beat dead to windward was the consequence. The four mile point was reached by the catamaran in 43 minutes, the *Julia* was then one mile astern. She turned back disgusted and we went on contented. And now let me hasten to put right the minds of many people, and particularly the yachting reporter of *The Spirit of The Times*, on the subject of windward sailing by the catamaran.

It is true that the enormous disparity of speed between the catamaran and an ordinarily built boat is most noticeable when sailing with the wind a little abaft of beam. Sailing to windward is a paradox at best, and a small amount thus gained is a greater triumph than much greater distances gained in the headlong, free wind sailing. Windward sailing is not a weak point of the catamaran. I can, with a good whole sail breeze, beat to windward faster, by a mile an hour at least, than any sailing vessel afloat, or I can beat the *Wm. R. Brown*, the *Wm. T. Lee*, the *Susie S.*, *Dare Devil*, or any other boat of that class that can be named, one-quarter, or five miles to their four, under the conditions before mentioned.

I'm not making an idle, empty boast. I know well of what I am writing. I have sailed every class of vessel, from the small cat boat up to the first class yacht, and their performances are individually familiar to me. And further, if the owners of the boats whose names I have mentioned want to be practically convinced of this, that is, of the speed of the windward sailing of the catamaran, the best way for them is to try it on. I shall be only too happy to do so anywhere and at any time.

What Happened That Day

Reprinted from Duckworks
"Catamaran Chronicles"

The general interest in catamarans in 1877 was caused by N.G. Herreshoff's *Amaryllis*, which competed with single hulled craft in the Centennial Regatta held on June 22, 1876, off the New York Yacht Club's Staten Island station. *Amaryllis* raced in Class 3, which was open to all boats between 25' and 40' in length. There were 11 starters in the race, including the best of the large sized sandbaggers of the time. In the first part of the race the wind was light and *Amaryllis* did rather poorly. This put her in a place where she would have to pass most of the fleet if she were to win, but when the race was about half over a nice sailing breeze sprang up and *Amaryllis* sailed gaily through the fleet to win by 20 minutes and two seconds over the next competitor, the famous sandbagger *Pluck and Luck*. Some in the class were 40 or more minutes behind.

While *Amaryllis* won easily boat to boat, she was protested by several of the competitors and subsequently ruled out, the prize being given to the *Pluck and Luck*. At that time the papers called *Amaryllis* a life raft and several things, but created all at once an interest in catamarans, so that during the next ten years there were about 20 of them on the Hudson River and the head of Long Island Sound. However, their popularity was short lived, principally because they were barred from all the regular classes, although the Newburgh Bay Yacht Club ran special classes for catamarans for a few years.

It behooves the owners of the large schooners, however, to take counsel together lest somebody should build an *Amaryllis* a hundred feet long and convert their crafts into useless lumber. It is a matter quite as important as keeping the America's Cup and may demand quite as ingenious and elaborate devices as were put in force against Mr Ashbury.

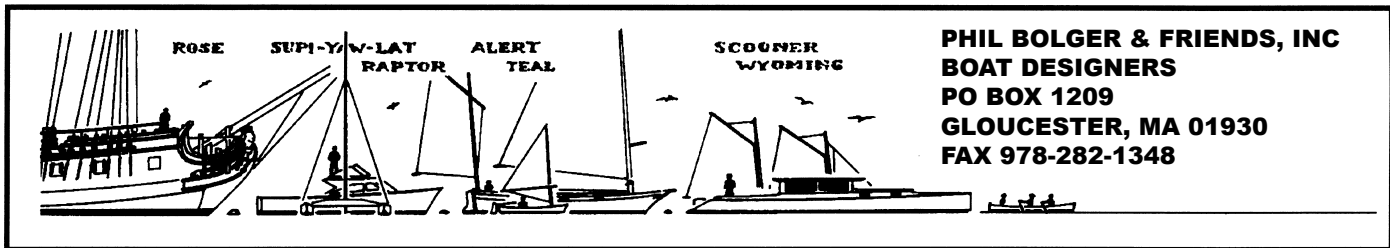


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Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

A few basic structural details should help understand how she is put together. We've seen a few images in the last installment on the Vee nose or the chine log assemblies.



Picture #1 shows a typical joint of a bulkhead with the bottom, chine log and topsides. After running this idea by the "Gods of Epoxy" we used 1"x1" fastening cleats, ripped out of a 1" sheet of ply, knocked off one corner with 1/4" rounding bit in the router and applied plain epoxy on all surfaces. We never spent, or had, time to bevel any of the mating surfaces in way of curved intersections, adding instead a coat thickened epoxy to bridge those gaps, taking advantage of the gap filling properties of epoxy with structural filler. Then, through pre-drilled holes, we temporarily clamped the pieces into their final position using regular drywall screws.

We just made sure to pull them six to eight hours later, even if it required a midnight visit to the project, otherwise the soldering iron has to come out to cook the screw heads until the epoxy releases its grip to allow pulling them. We'll only want to do this in rare cases as it takes a lot of time. We know all about that aggravating embarrassment...



"SACPAS-3" (LCP)

Design #681 - 38'10"x7'6"x12"x200hp
Fourth in a Series of Articles

Picture #2 shows the assembled 3" thick transom floating into place via the gantry, with perfect control during the alignment into a rich coat of thickened epoxy, and only a small smear of the sticky stuff on the hoisting strap.



Picture #3 shows the final joint between transom and topsides. 6"x1/2" bronze bolts (expensive!) would be added later for belts and suspenders on that joint; who knows what folks might hang off that transom throughout the lifetime of the craft.



Picture #4 illustrates the typical bond between hard points laminated earlier into the roof panel and the joint with house sides and bulkheads. Particularly in that position the advantages of using the ply cleat to establish that 2.5" wide bonding surface between 1/2" pieces seem superior to applying glass tape.

Here is a brief sequence of assembling the cuddy roof. Like the house top earlier, it needs to be lightish while stiff enough to stand on. Again we used 1/4" ply with 2" foam in between.



Picture #5 confirms the asymmetric layout of the top and hatch geometry to allow opening that hatch without protruding beyond the superstructure.



Picture #6 has the underside in place, cut, epoxied and painted, along with the 1"x2" ply cleat to frame the foam core.



Picture #7 has the assembly complete, already stiff enough to support a person before the hatch coaming adds more strength.



Picture #8 shows that it was now possible to define and cut the three windshield elements. Cutting them earlier based on CAD assumptions would likely have led to some frustration. The real world measurements of the actual geometry surrounding that windshield assembly did produce an unambiguous fit.



Picture #9 has the windshield frames and the two piece fore and aft hatch in place. To access the bow cockpit and use the bow gate, the top hinged center windshield is lifted aft and up into the roof recess. Then the small hatch piece is flipped up and forward on to the large hatch via transverse hinge. And hinged along the starboard coaming these two hatch pieces then fold over 180° to rest on the starboard cuddy roof.



The girls in Picture #11 were having a birthday party outside under the tent when one of them came in stating that she liked the smell of wood. Others followed, we were an additional attraction to their party once I'd opened the sliding shop doors. Good thing that we had cut offs around for each to take away a piece of good smelling, recently cut plywood.



Picture #12 marks the visit of *LSD-50 Carter Hall* in Port to attend a local festival. *LSD-50* is one of four 16,600 ton US Navy dock landing ships, modified sisters to the eight *LSD-41* types. Two crew wandered in to find another grey painted combatant craft.



Picture #13 has my co-worker Rosalyn's nephew and friend laying waste to our plans for productive work.



Picture #10 shows the centerline openings. Since it would be too adventurous to go forward outside past the house on this narrow hull, the open centerline hatches allow rushing forward in safety whether to tend to ground tackle or to storm the beach with rifle in hand and pack on the back.



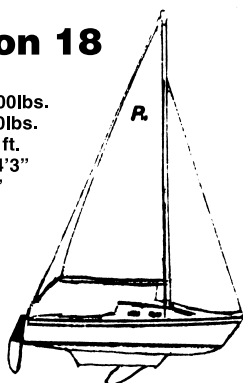
Finally, Picture #14 illustrates one of many visits of folks from out of town well inland, here to listen for a few minutes and to study the 4'x3' 16-image poster featuring the basics of the project and stages of progress.

More to come.

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Remembering *Fury*

By Annie Holmes

Don't know how many of you remember my old 1939 Aussie 16' skiff *Fury*, given to me by Elmer Lowry of Oregon, but here she is today in the Queensland Maritime Museum next to their latest acquisition, a 100-year-old Waterman Skiff. When I left *Fury* in Australia in 1996, I sailed her with a crew of rusty old fogies, twice in Moreton Bay and once in the Brisbane River. Of course, my Scuzbums crew and I sailed her in San Diego bay for a number of years. Once some crewmen from Dennis Connors' team begged to race her in the Yesteryear regatta and they naturally won their division. She went like a bat out of hell. Oh, I miss those thrills.



This skiff was built in 1939 by Norman Wright of Brisbane for his brother-in-law Vic Dixon. She was sold in 1945 to some US servicemen who took her back to America. She was known to be sailing in San Francisco in 1949 but then disappeared from the scene.

In the 1950s a strange looking boat was discovered in a boat dealer's yard in Sacramento in near-derelict condition and with her original cotton sails, which included a gunter mainsail bearing a colour patch of a black "V".

The boat was taken to Los Angeles where she was restored to sailing condition and named *Yotting*. In the mid-1960s an Australian recognized her as an Australian 16'

skiff. He sailed in the boat until she was taken to Oregon where she remained in a garage for 20 years. The owner eventually offered the boat to Annie Kolls, a resident of San Diego, who accepted his offer and brought the boat back to San Diego where she sailed her for about 8 years.

During the America's Cup yachting races held in San Diego in 1992 an Australian journalist heard of *Yotting* and inquired whether anyone could identify her. Someone

remembered the story of the boat's arrival in America so inquiries were made of Norman Wright. From photos sent to him he could tell from the placing of the ribs and knees and the black "V" on her sail that he had built her. The boat was indeed *Fury*, which had been in America for 50 years.

In 1996 Annie Kolls visited Australia and decided to donate her boat to the Queensland Maritime Museum. *Fury* arrived back in Brisbane on a Columbus Line containership in December of that year.

After 5 years restoration work *Fury* floated again in the Brisbane River in December, 2001, 62 years after she was built.

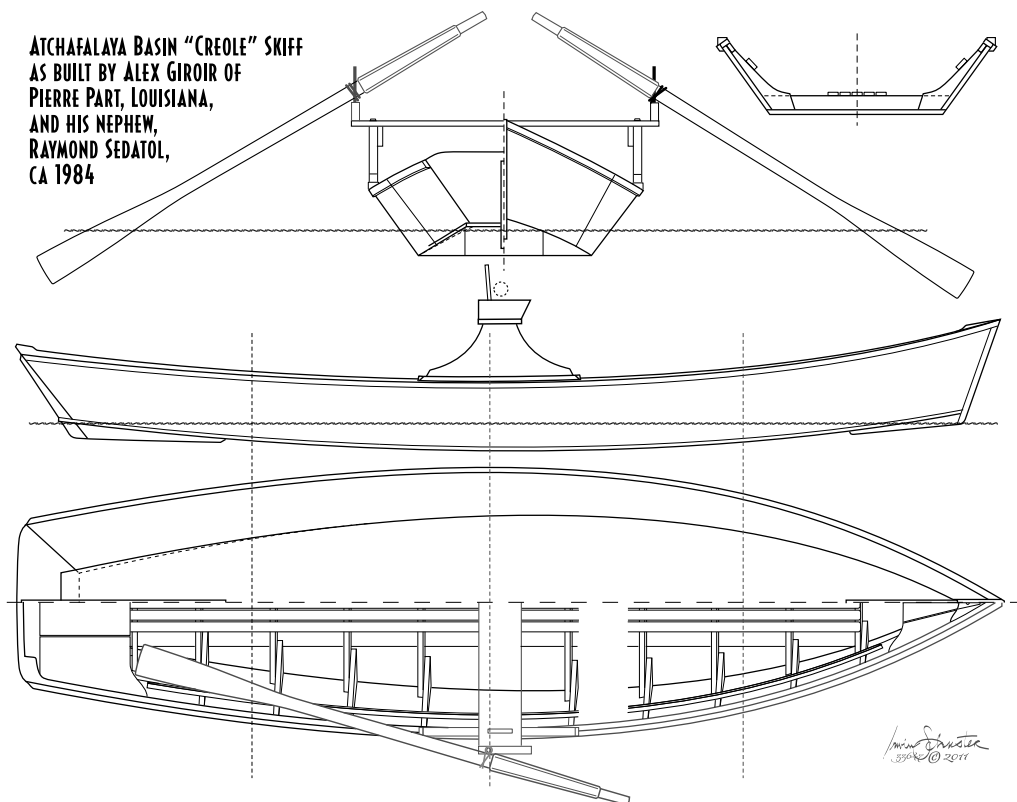
Fury

Sorting Out the Creole Skiff

By Irwin Schuster
irwin.schuster@verizon.net

Let's see if I can sort this Creole Skiff business out a little. Attached is my interpretation of the drawings. A PowerPoint presentation on the type that I was able to gather, and photos that I took myself in about 2000, of the Giroir boat will be in the December issue.

ATCHAFALAYA BASIN "CREOLE" SKIFF
AS BUILT BY ALEX GIROIR OF
PIERRE PART, LOUISIANA,
AND HIS NEPHEW,
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Ernest Osborn's Courting Canoe

By Steve Lapey
Norumbega Chapter WCHA

Norumbega Member Ernest Osborn stopped by with an unusual Charles River Courting Canoe for me to identify. Since I was unable to identify this one, I thought that perhaps some knowledgeable Charles River canoeing experts could come up with some ideas.

The lines are typical of the Charles River builders. The serial number in both bow and stern is #1210-16. The numbers are stamped in regular type, perhaps 1/2" characters. The canoe is 16' long; I didn't measure the width or the depth, it is a closed gunwale canoe.



The canoe has pretty lines, but nothing that can identify the builder.



It is quite narrow with short stubby decks, fore and aft and two wide thwarts. The decks are obviously not finished decks, they are just there to hold the ends together. They would be covered by the long deck boards.

It must have had 40" or 48" decks at one time. There are four holes on each inwale indicating where the deck braces were attached; unfortunately, all of the parts and pieces for the decks have gone missing.



Here is a closeup of one of the wide thwarts, they are both flat on the side facing the center of the canoe.

The planking on the sides is cut about three quarters of the way down in several places to aid in bending around the curve of the hull. I could be wrong, but I think I remember seeing this trick done on a Robertson canoe???



Looks Like an H.B. Arnold

By Bill Collins

Ernest Osborne's mystery canoe looks a twin (less the decks) of my 16' H.B. Arnold. My canoe is currently hanging in our garage up in Eastman, Maine, so I can't check the serial number sequence. I do know it has #16 following the short serial # and it is a 16-footer. I'm not sure mine has the numbers stamped in both bow and stern. The seat/thwarts are identical as is the extreme recurve on both bow and stern. The four holes for the deck brackets are also the same.

My canoe was a livery, or rental canoe, for the Norumbega Ballroom on the Charles River. I had mine dated at the 2009 WCHA gathering in New York State as built during 1921.




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The use of hull end plates to prevent leeway in sailboats has interested me for some time. I have wondered if easily made metal end plates might not substitute for centerboards, leeboards, keels and daggerboards in providing lateral resistance. The obvious advantages are the very shallow draft possible with such an arrangement and the ease of construction. So I made a scale model of a boat I designed in order to test sail the model and see if the theory works.

The design is of a double ended flat bottom sailboat with a length of 20' and a beam on the bottom of 4'. It is somewhat similar to a Chesapeake Bay Crabbing Skiff in concept. The boat has a 9' long midsection which is dead flat on the bottom, with no rocker, and with parallel sides in the same length. The end plates are 9' long made of 1/4 aluminum bolted through the bottom into the chines. They protrude from the sides 5" inches. The bottom is in two layers with the plates recessed into one layer so they are flush with the bottom. Because the hull bottom is dead flat in this area, the end plates are parallel to the waterline.

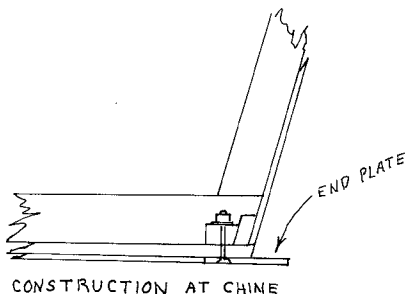
The boat is designed so it can be assembled quickly with prefabricated parts consisting of two shaped side panels, two bulkheads and three frames. The plans have patterns for these parts.

I designed the boat with relatively high sides because I wanted it to float with the cockpit opening above the waterline with the boat heeled until the mast tip is in the water. The hull has air chambers in the ends for positive flotation. Knocked down to 95° the cockpit opening is above the waterline and there is freeboard of about 6". The model boat is heavily ballasted, but in the real boat the body weight of the crew would partially



Hull End Plates

By Tom Fulk



Construction details at the chine.

substitute. Some ballast in the form of cast-in-place concrete along the chine would be used also, or water ballast tanks could be used to ease trailer launching.

It is intended that the crew sit on deck to sail the boat and the depth of the sides make it possible to do this with feet and legs in the cockpit and feet flat on the duckboards or braced against the opposite coaming.

The deepest part of the boat is the skeg and rudder. The draft of the hull is 5" amidships but the bottom of the skeg is 9" inches below the waterline. This arrangement makes it possible to use a simple outboard rudder with an end plate.

The hull sides are shaped so the aft stem is perpendicular to the waterline. I owned a large sharpie with such a deep skeg for 15 years and it was possible to beach the boat and step off with dry feet. The natural bottom slope at a beach always provided sufficient depth at the skeg.

The theory I was trying to test with the model was that the end plates would prevent off-flow from the side of the boat over the chine. This off-flow is a source of eddying

Skeg and rudder design.



in flat bottom boats and it is common to see a long vortex swirl extending aft when these boats sail. I reasoned that end plates would enhance the function of the hull side in providing lateral resistance by preventing off-flow. The 5" draft and 9' long straight section of this hull side provides a lateral plane area of nearly 4sf, similar to the area of a suitable centerboard. If the boat is even slightly heeled, the lateral plane area increases dramatically. Because the boat is light, the crew can maintain some heel to enhance the lateral resistance function of the hull side if needed.

A scale model at 1 1/2" per foot was made, 30" long. At first I designed a sail of 100sf but it was too much area for the narrow unballasted hull. I made a second sail of 85sf and added ballast corresponding to the crew weight of two persons.

How did it work? I found that the boat had nearly a neutral helm with a very slight weather helm. The center of lateral resistance was more forward than I anticipated so it was necessary to move the mast forward. This also suggested that the rudder does not contribute to the lateral plane. Once these simple changes were made, the model would sail into the wind well and tack through a 100° angle. In gusts the boat would harden up, point closer to the wind, heel and make good progress to windward. The shallow rudder with end plate provided positive control.

It appears to me that simple bolt-on hull end plates will function well to enhance the lateral resistance of hull sides in small sailboats. They do impose some limits to hull shape and construction since the plates must be parallel to the waterline. I am thinking of adding radio control to the rudder so this model can be sailed with an intelligent hand at the helm for doing further testing.






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The APPRENTICE

A Monthly Newsletter of the Apprenticeshop

In the Shop

By Graham Walsh, Shop Manager

Apprentices Ryan Flynn, Skyler Shepard and Adam Yanchunis are replicating a 15' peapod for the Cuckolds Fog Signal and Light Station, located on an island at the entrance to Boothbay Harbor, Maine. This skiff, a tender to the lighthouse, must be sturdy enough to land on the island's rocky weather shore. Thus, the build calls for a doubling of normal peapod scantlings (the dimensions of the frames and planks) in order to ensure it can withstand the rugged conditions in which it will serve.

To start the project, the apprentices researched plans and found photographs of other light station boats while taking the lines off the original, derelict tender. Once information was gathered they decided that the frames of the boat will measure $\frac{3}{4}$ "x $1\frac{1}{2}$ " in contrast to a usual $\frac{1}{2}$ "x $\frac{3}{4}$ " peapod dimension, the planks are to be $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick as opposed to $\frac{5}{16}$ " to $\frac{1}{2}$ ", and the knees (which support the thwarts of the boat) will measure 1" thick by 1" wide and are to be through-bolted to the frames. In addition to the magnified inner dimensions, twenty rub strips of solid oak will be fastened along the hull from the keel up to plank five to further "cushion" the peapod when it goes ashore.

At press time the backbone and mold of the skiff is complete.

To keep up with the boat building projects at The Apprenticeshop, please see our website www.apprenticeshop.org and our Facebook page at <https://www.facebook.com/TheApprenticeshop>.

Shepard and original skiff.



From the Director's Desk

By Eric Stockinger, Executive Director

One of the basic elements of good seamanship is being prepared. That holds true for those of us on land as well. A few weeks ago, when all eyes were focused south on the potential threat of Hurricane Irene, The Apprenticeshop community, including staff, students, volunteers and customers, snapped into action, preparing the shop for the worst. In hindsight, it seems like overkill to pull all of our boats out of the water, send our floats out to moorings and tie down the lumber on the racks, but the plain truth is that we, just like all good mariners, have to take all precautions when we know a storm is coming.

It took us almost two full days to get everything hauled out, tied up, strapped down and stowed away. In the end, of course, not much of a storm made its way to Rockland Harbor, but had we not been prepared for it, and it hit, it could have wiped out our fleet of teaching vessels, ripped up our docks and sent our lumber flying.

We spent most of last week putting everything back together, re-rigging and launching boats. It was a lot of work and I want to thank everyone, especially the apprentices, who gave up precious time building boats, for pitching in, getting it done and reminding me why this community is so much more than just a place where people learn to build and sail wooden boats.

Hauling Twin.



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Limber holes are those items of boat construction that you read about but may have never seen in a modern fiberglass boat. In fact, some of the current designs have sealed off compartments so that each area needs its own slump point and bilge pump. The purpose of the limber holes is to drain all the inboard water (spray, leakage, etc.) to a central slump point where it could be pumped out. One account I read concerning wooden boats noted that if the pump pulled up clean water from the slump, the captain knew there was a leak someplace below the waterline.

To work effectively, the limber holes have to be clean. In some of the older wooden boat designs the limber holes were oversize with chains therein. The idea was to pull on the chains from time to time to make sure there were no obstructions to the flow of water to the slump. My wife and I have been fortunate in that our boats with limber holes have had limber holes of suitable size and any interior water drained directly to the slump.

Of course, if there is a major leak the clean limber holes will help distribute the incoming water throughout the boat. Sealing off sections of the hull with accessible plugs for the limber holes helps prevent this problem if the water pressure does not push the plugs out of the holes. When one of our boats sank at the dock after a lightning strike blew out the knotmeter, the strong water flow through the limber holes to the portable pump we emplaced was something to see.

If you decide to put plugs in a boat's limber holes, the plugs need to be of the expansion type used in the stems of small boats so that the plug can be screwed "tight" when in place. Otherwise, the interior hydrostatic pressure will probably remove the plug and let the water continue to flow. Of course, if the boat has large limber holes larger plugs will be needed or a small leak may fill the boat between one visit and the next. Oh, the joys of boat ownership!

A while back (October, 2009), I wrote about the differences in inside and outside diameters when measuring PVC, copper and galvanized pipe. The other day I came across another aspect that may be of common knowledge to some of you concerning straight and tapered pipe threads. Most boat thru-hull fittings are straight threads, while most residential plumbing fittings (NPT) are tapered thread.

As I found out when trying to do some work using one of each type, they do not match, even with the same thread pitch and appropriate ID/OD measurements. The straight thread screwed into the plumb-

From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew
(Tallahassee, Florida)

ing part quite nicely but seemed to "jam." Research on the problem resulted in what I consider a most interesting statement:

"Note! Pipe sizes do not refer to any physical dimensions. The outside diameter of a pipe or fitting must be measured and compared to a table for size identification. A 1" NPT pipe thread has an outside diameter (OD) of 1.050".

Each thread size has a defined number of threads per inch (TPI), or pitch. The 1" NPT pipe thread has 14 threads per inch. Both the TPI and OD of the thread are required for positive identification of thread size because more than one size have the same TPI. NPT threads are not interchangeable with NPS (National Pipe Straight) threads." This last line is what explained why part A would not connect tightly to part B.

The longer one messes about with boats, the more odd pieces of information and tools one acquires. Like the information on pipe sizes, thread counts and pipe tapers there is also the variety of tools that "come in handy" when working on a boat.

One time I was helping a friend with an engine repair project. To reach the nut that needed to be loosened, we ended up with two extensions and two universal joints between the ratchet and the socket for the nut. He had an extension and a universal joint in his toolbox and I had the same in mine. It was fortunate that both of us had $\frac{3}{8}$ " extensions and universal joints or we would have needed a size reducer to match up the common $\frac{1}{2}$ " drive with the $\frac{3}{8}$ " drive pieces.

What is of some interest to me is that the lessons learned (and tools acquired) working on boats are transferable to other projects, just as what is learned fixing things around the house and/or car can be of use working on the boat. For instance, a common household trick of using a bit of tape folded on itself sticky side out can be used between the screwdriver and screw head to hold the screw while getting it started.

Our boat came with two depth sounders and a knot meter. Over time, all three failed and I had them pulled from the hull and the openings sealed. I now have a depth sounder installed on the transom. With the hull design of a Sisu I will be aground at the stern about the same time the depth sounder tells me the

same thing. But it does give me some warning when the depth decreases.

When I was young and depth sounders were something found on yachts, checking the depth ahead of the boat was a bit tricky. One solution was used by one man who had rigged an old fishing pole with a bobber and weight. The distance between the bobber and the weight was the draft of his boat. When he was in doubt as to the depth of the water ahead, he would slow the boat and cast with his special rig. If the bobber sank out of sight, he knew the water was deep enough. If the bobber floated, he knew the depth ahead was less than the draft of his boat. The idea worked very well fishing in the flats of Tampa and Sarasota Bays as there was a lot of grass that would make the water ahead look deeper than it really was.

In an earlier article, I wrote about the interesting attempt to purchase our Sisu 26. We received a letter from Canada on a Saturday with a check for \$42,200 drawn on a bank in Illinois from a person in Ohio. While I was checking on the bank and the sender on Monday, I received an email from the potential purchaser to the effect:

"Hello, how are you doing? My associate confirmed to me that you have received the check sent to you for the boat. I instruct you to notify me first once you received the check. Meanwhile, you take the check to your bank and deposit it. Once your bank has clear the check. You will deduct your money (\$25,000) for the boat and send the rest to the shipping company.

I will instruct the shipping company to contact you with all needed information and shipping arrangement. Get back to me today with an update."

Since I had instructed the purchaser to go through my broker, I was a little concerned about the check received. After consulting with my boat broker, I wrote back that the amount was wrong and any payment should be sent to the broker. Thus, I needed to return the check, but did not have a return address on the envelope and only the address of the agent in Ohio. I sent an email to both the purchaser and the agent asking where to return the check. The email reply from the agent came very quickly:

"A stop payment was implemented yesterday. However, you can destroy the check."

The chronology is the interesting part at this point:

Check came on Saturday.

Payment was stopped on Monday.

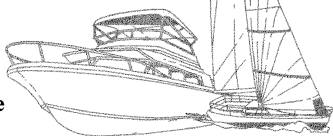
I wonder what would have happened if I had deposited the check on Monday and followed the email instructions concerning the shipper?



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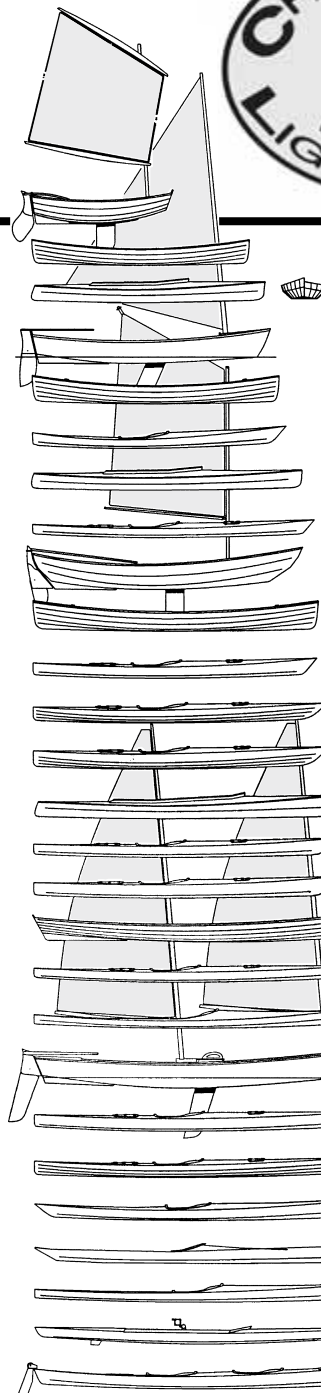
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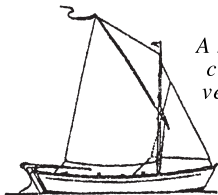
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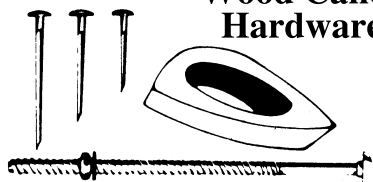
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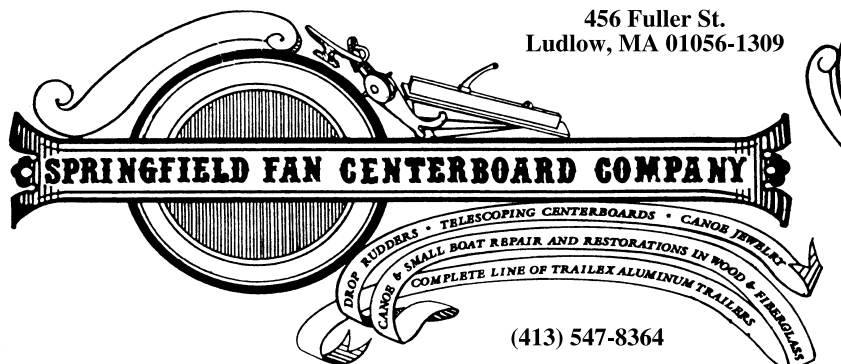
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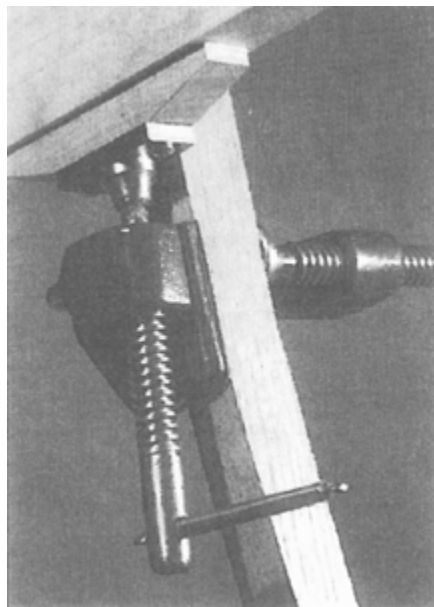
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This is Steve Kaulback. Yes, he's soaked from taking a chilly dunk in Lake Champlain. Yes, his most recent design had to be dragged ashore. Yes, she tipped over on her maiden voyage. But....and a big yes here: she's spectacular. Full sailing rig, hard-chines, dagger board, rudder, 32ft balanced lug sail, cedar or composite deck. Dennis Caprio, Senior Editor at *Yachting*, said, "I just walked the Newport Boat Show.... THAT's the neatest boat here." The day she dumped was her first time out, the wind was ripping and Steve was pushing her limits. E-mail us at guideboat@together.net and we'll send color photos and a link to on-line videos. 12ft, 36lbs. Under sail, her nickname jumped to mind: Screaming Mimi.

